

UNCLE

SAM

Quarterly

6 COMPLETE
SENSATIONAL
STORIES

**1. FORGED
FACES**



**2. KING OF
CRIME**



**3. WHO HE IS AND HOW
HE CAME TO BE**



**4. THE MAN WHO
SOLD HIS COUNTRY**



**5. THE MAD
POET**



**6. THE STEEL
HELMETS**





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2 A new kind of

MAGAZINES in ONE COMIC MAGAZINE



WATCH

for
**THIS
COVER**

**ON
SALE
AUGUST
1ST**

10¢

Scoop!

**NO OTHER COMIC
MAGAZINE HAS
THIS FEATURE !!**

**SECRET
WAR NEWS**

**new A COMIC
NEWSPAPER**

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Forged Faces



Chapter 1.

UNCLE SAM

William Eisner

NIGHT FALLS ACROSS THE CAPITOL AS SENATOR NORTHBRIP BRISTOL SLIPS INTO A CHEAP SALOON...

YEAH... DAT'S HIM OVER DERE... WHADDYA WANT WIT'IM ?

THAT'S MY BUSINESS !!



ARE YOU CURWEN THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR ?

EX-FAMOUS, MISTER !! SCRAM GIRLS ...



AN HOUR LATER...

THAT'S MY DEAL ... JUST DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS !!

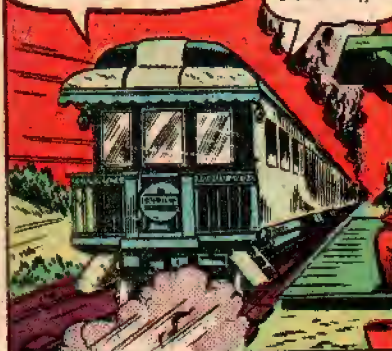
FOR THREE SQUARES A DAY, I'D EVEN BE CHURCHILL !! IT'S A DEAL !!



EN ROUTE TO WASHINGTON D.C. SPEEDS THE LIMITED, CARRYING MORE THAN HALF THE U.S. SENATE ...

BRISTOL'S CRAZY!! I'LL NEVER VOTE FOR CONSCRIPTING TWELVE YEAR OLDS!!

CONSCRIPTING!! BAH!! ENSLAVING IS MORE LIKE IT!!



AS THE SENATORS' SPECIAL ROARS ON, THREE MEN DROP FROM A TRESTLE...



NO...OOF!!

WE MADE IT !!

CAT-LIKE THEY CREEP ATOP THE ROCKETING TRAIN ... UNTIL...

GET 'EM UP! ONE MOVE AND... TAKE THAT!!

WHAT TH... GET OUTA HE...O.O.OH!!



INKY BLACKNESS ENVELOPES THEM AS THEY HURTLE INTO A TUNNEL...

AW RIGHT, BUD!! STOP D'TRAIN! NOW!!

WHAT? IN THE TUNNEL?

YOU HOID 'IM !!



AS THE ONRUSHING TRAIN SCREAMS TO A STOP, MORE THUGS LEAP INTO THE CLUB CAR...

WE...L.L.L.L.L!! MORE'N HALF THE SENATE... C'MON GIT UP!!

HOW DARE YOU, GIR??

WHAT!?



LATER, IN A WELL EQUIPPED SCULPTOR'S STUDIO...

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, CURWEN?

TERRIFIC!! I'LL DO A GOOD JOB FOR YOU!!



DAYS LATER... FIREWORKS
FLARE AS THE SENATE
SESSION GETS UNDER
WAY...

THEY'RE GONNA
PASS BRISTOL'S
SLAVERY BILL!!
THEY'RE
NUTS!!

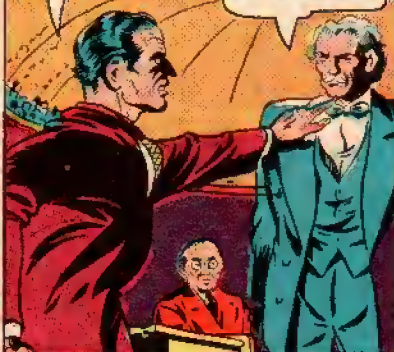
MUST BE!!
SAME GUYS
WHO WERE
AGAINST
IT ARE FOR
IT NOW!!



AND ON THE FLOOR...

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN,
FOR PASSING MY
SPLENDID YOUTH
TRAINING BILL!!
AND YOU, MASON,
ARE UN-AMERICAN!

BECAUSE
I VOTED
AGAINST
IT? WHY
IT'S
SLAVERY!!



WHAT'S THE
LOWDOWN
SENATOR
MASON?

I DON'T KNOW!!
BRISTOL CONTROLS
THE SENATE
SOMEHOW...
AND I'M GOING
TO FIND OUT HOW!!



WIRES HIM AS THE STORY
GOES IN...

IT'S DYNAMITE BOSS!
THE BILL'S GONE
THROUGH!!

MASON
SAYS
THERE'S
SOMETHING
PHONEY ABOUT
CONGRESS!!



NEXT DAY THE HEADLINES
SHRIEK THE NEWS...

EXTRY!
EXTRY!!

HAS CONGRESS
GONE CRAZY?
THEY'RE MAKING
SLAVES OF OUR
KIDS!!



IN WASHINGTON, AN ANGRY
MOB GATHERS...

IS BRISTOL GONNA
RUN US?

NO! WE
GOTTA
DO
SOMETHING!!

LET'S MARCH
TO BRISTOL'S
OFFICE!!



HOLD ON! WHERE
ARE YOU ALL
HEADING
FOR?

WE'RE
AIMIN'
TO SEE
BRISTOL!
ONE SIDE
MASON!!



I WON'T STOP
YOU... GO AHEAD!
THEY'RE YOUR
KIDS HE'S
HURTING!!
GIVE HIM MY
REGARDS!!

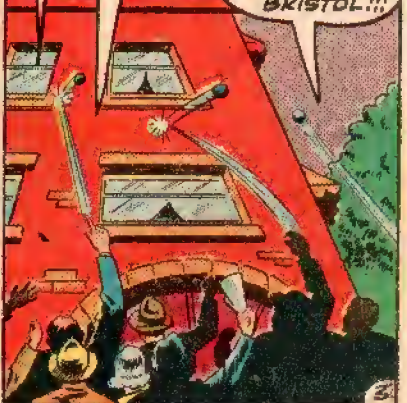
'RAY FOR
SENATOR
MASON!
LET'S
GO! ON
TO BRISTOLS!



COME OUT
YOU DOGS!

ENSLAVE OUR
KIDS WILL YA'?!
DICTATOR!!
RAT!!

DOWN
WITH
THE
TRAITOR
BRISTOL!!!



WHILE HIS HENCHMEN QAVER ABOUT HIM, BRISTOL ACTS TO REPEL THE IRATE MOB...



THOUSANDS OF 'EM... AND MURDER IN DERE EYES!!

ORDER OUT MY STEEL HELMETS!!

AS IF FROM NOWHERE, A CRUEL BAND OF BRISTOL'S KILLERS DESCEND UPON THE CROWD...



SLUG 'EM!!

THE UNARMED CIVILIANS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE HIRED STRONG-ARM MEN...



DIS IS SWELL!! GETTIN' PAID TO BEAT UP SUCKERS!!

YEAH! DA U.S.A. IS GONNA HEAR ABOUT US FROM NOW ON!!

AND BRISTOL PREPARES FOR THE STORM TO COME...



BEATING THEM IS ONLY TEMPORARY!! I NEED LAWS TO PERMANENTLY RESTRICT THEM!! THE HOUSE OF REPS IS TAKEN CARE OF... NOW, FOR THE PRESIDENT!!

IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, BRISTOL IS REBUFFED...



NO! I'LL NEVER SIGN THAT BILL! IT'S UNTHINKABLE!

WHY MR. PRESIDENT! IF YOU'LL STEP THIS WAY I'LL PROVE MY POINT!!

AS THE PRESIDENT PASSES A HALL CLOSET...



WHAT POSSIBLE PROOF CA... ..U..U..UH!!!

A MINUTE LATER...



AH! THANK YOU "MR. PRESIDENT"! MY BILL WILL BE A GREAT BOON!!

AH, YES SENATOR BRISTOL, TO BE SURE! HEH...HEH...HEH!!

MEANWHILE, IN EVERYTOWN, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY DISCUSS THE "YOUTH TRAINING BILL"...



... BUT THEN WHY IS EVERYONE AGAINST IT?

I DON'T KNOW, BUDDY... IT SEEMS TO ME A YEAR OF CAMP WOULD BE GOOD FOR THE KIDS!

SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...



WE GOT ORDERS TO TAKE THE KID!!

NO! DON'T LET THEM, UNCLE SAM!!

NOW, BUDDY, IT'S ALL RIGHT.. GO ALONG! I'LL COME TO VISIT YOU!!

A SHORT TIME LATER, IN BRISTOL'S EVERYTOWN HEADQUARTERS...

HEAR YER HIRIN' OUT TH' KIDS... GOT A COUPLE FER ME?
SURE... COST YOU FIFTY BUCKS A HEAD... THE PICK OF AMERICA'S YOUTH!!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS SPECIMEN?
ALL MUSCLES!
SURE! I'LL BUY HIM TOO... BRING 'EM ALL OUT TO THE TRUCK, WILL YA?!



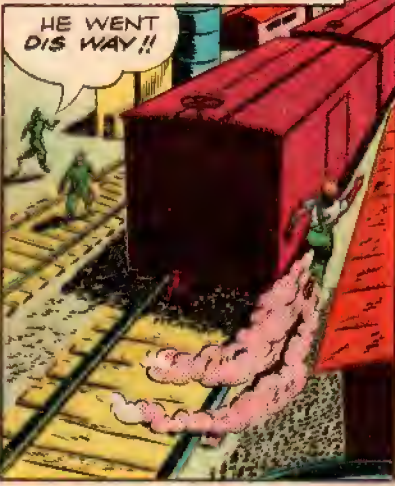
HEY! WHAT IS ALL THIS? WHERE ARE WE GOIN'Z?
TO THE STEEL MILLS WHERE YOU WON'T ASK SO MANY FOOL QUESTIONS!!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME THERE!!
HEY @+?!?!* GRAB DAT BRAT!!



BUDDY'S CHURNING LEGS CARRY HIM SWIFTLY OUT OF HARM'S WAY...



ELUDING HIS PURSUERS, BUDDY RACES INTO UNCLE SAM'S COTTAGE...



AS STEEL HELMET GUARDS RUSH IN...



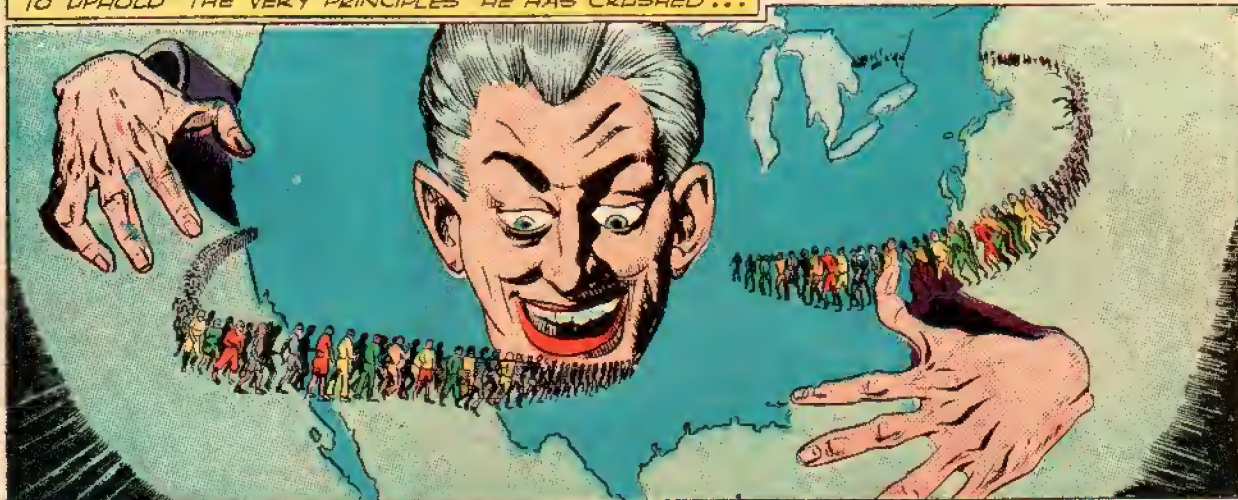
SUDDENLY BRISTOL ENTERS...



JUST THE SAME, ALL RIGHT! BUDDY'S GOT TO GO!! IT'S THE LAW!!
I'LL SEE THE PRESIDENT ABOUT YOUR 'LAW'. DON'T WORRY BUDDY!!



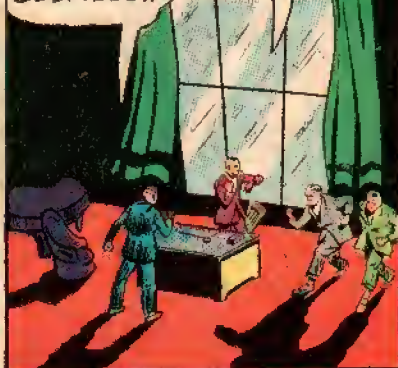
TORN FROM PARENTS AND FRIENDS, AMERICA'S YOUTH IS MARCHED OFF IN LABOR GANGS.. ENSLAVED BY A PRESIDENT WHO RESEMBLES IN FACE, BUT NOT IN DEED, THE MAN ELECTED TO UPHOLD THE VERY PRINCIPLES HE HAS CRUSHED...



IN BRISTOL'S WASHINGTON OFFICE, A MANUFACTURER FACES THE IRATE SENATOR...

I REFUSE TO BE A PARTY TO THIS SLAVERY BUSINESS!!

IS THAT SO! CONVINCE HIM, BOYS!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

DON'T HIT ME AGAIN... I'LL DO IT!! I'LL TAKE THEM!!

MUCH BETTER! THAT'LL BE ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A HEAD!! HEH! HEH!



BUT THROUGHOUT THE NATION RESENTMENT IS REACHING FEVER PITCH!!

THE STEEL HELMETS MUST GO!! OUR CHILDREN ARE ENSLAVED, OUR LIVES ARE THREATENED!! DOWN WITH BRISTOL, THE TRAITOR!!



AND IN AN ANTECHAMBER, OUTSIDE THE SENATE...

IT'S TIME FOR ACTION! I WANT THESE LAWS PASSED IMMEDIATELY!! FIRST, FREEDOM...



LATER...

...OF SPEECH MUST BE LIMITED!!

AND OFFENDERS PLACED IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS!!!



GENTLEMEN!! IT'S TREASON!! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!! I'LL FILIBUSTER FOREVER TO KEEP YOU FROM PASSING THOSE LAWS!!



HOURS PASS... THE NATION CHEERS AS MASON STANDS ALONE AGAINST THE WOULD-BE DICTATORS... BUT IN THE BALCONY OF THE SENATE...



BRISTOL WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL!

I'M READY... D'CAR IS OUTSIDE...

FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE COUNTRY, AMERICANS FLOCK TO THE CAPITOL IN THIS CRUCIAL HOUR...



HELLO, UNCLE SAM... GET A HORSE!!

HOWDY, FOLKS! THIS ONE'S AS GOOD AS YOURS!

FOR FORTY-EIGHT HOURS MASON HOLDS THE NATION SPELLBOUND... SUDDENLY...



..AND I SAY TH... UGH!!

HE'S BEEN SHOT!!



THEY.. STOPPED.. ME.. UHHH...

NOT YET THEY HAVEN'T! SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR!!

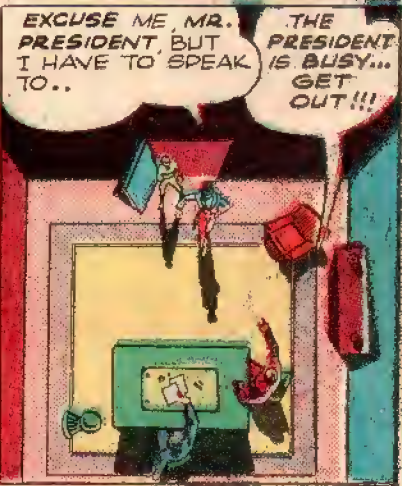
BUT THE GALLANT PATRIOT'S LIFE SOON SLIPS AWAY...



HE'S DEAD!!

BY THE STARS AND STRIPES!! ENOUGH'S ENOUGH!! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LOOK INTO THIS!! I'LL SPEAK TO THE PRESIDENT!!!

BRUSHING THE GUARDS ASIDE, UNCLE SAM BURSTS INTO THE WHITE HOUSE...



EXCUSE ME, MR. PRESIDENT, BUT I HAVE TO SPEAK TO..

THE PRESIDENT IS BUSY... GET OUT!!!

AT THAT MOMENT THE PRESIDENT'S DOG BOUNCES IN... SUDDENLY...



HEY! GET THIS FIEND AWAY FROM ME!!

WHY, MR. PRESIDENT!! HE'S YOUR DOG!!

WHY.. ER.. AH.. OF COURSE... WE WERE JUST PLAYING... YES INDEED!! JUST PLAYING... EH.. HEH!!



GET AWAY @X!! ?-X CUR!!

G-R-R-R-R!!

HLIH!! MIGHTY FUNNY WAY TO PLAY SEEMS TO ME!!

AFTER UNCLE SAM IS GONE...



YOU FOOL!! I WARNED YOU ABOUT THAT DOG!! UNCLE SAM MUST BE WISE TO US!! WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM!! GET OVER TO THE STUDIO!!

IN THE STUDIO HIDEOUT, CURWEN, DISGUISED AS THE PRESIDENT PREPARES TO DUPLICATE UNCLE SAM...



THE FLUID IS READY...

THE FLUID IS INJECTED INTO JOE'S FACE...

YOUR FACE IS NOW LIKE PUTTY...SO I WILL ERASE YOUR FEATURES...



HEY!!

THIS AIN'T GONNA HURT, IS IT?



WITH THE DEFT FINGERS OF AN OLD MASTER, THE "PRESIDENT" SKILLFULLY SCULPTURES A NEW FACE FOR JOE...



BEHOLD!! MY MASTERPIECE!!

WONDERFUL!

I'M UNCLE SAM!!



IT'S AMAZING!! YOU'RE AS GOOD AS YOU EVER WERE!!

NOW BE CAREFUL OF YOUR FACE... IT WON'T HARDEN FOR SEVERAL DAYS...



NOW, REMEMBER, JOE!! YOU'RE UNCLE SAM!!

YOU HOLD AMERICA IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND, BRISTOL!!



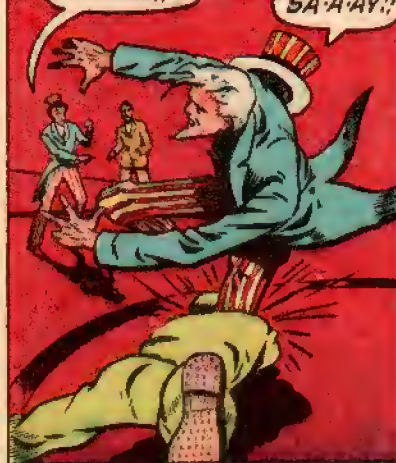
THAT AFTERNOON NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE...

W.A.A-L I SWAN! HEY!! THAT ISN'T ME!! HERE I AM!! I'M UNCLE SAM!!



GRAB HIM! HE'S AN IMPOSTER!! HE'S IMPERSONATING ME!!

SA-A-AV!!



WELL, I'LL BE... THIS BEATS ALL!!



NOT FAR AWAY, A GROUP OF CHILDREN ARE SLAVING IN A FACTORY... SUDDENLY...



GET UP! I ONLY SLUGGED YA ONCE! NEXT TIME I'LL MOIDER YA...

DON'T HIT ME... I'M SICK!! I WANT MY MOTHER!!

GULP... SOB...

BUT BEFORE THE GUARD CAN STRIKE AGAIN...



LEAVE HIM ALONE YOU BIG TRAMP!!

WHU... UFF!!

THE KIDS PITCH IN, AND A FREE-FOR-ALL BEGINS...



LET'S GO... FELLAS!! MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!!

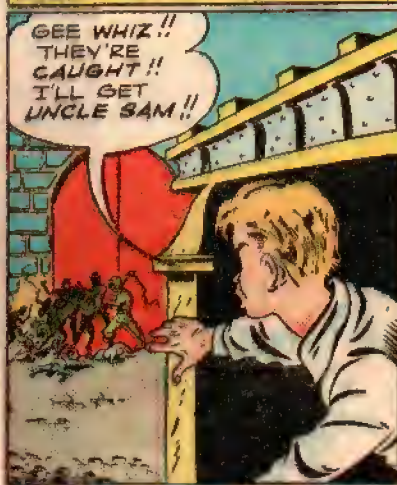
TAKE THAT!! YA-OW!!

WHY YOU LITTLE @☆!!??*
GULP?
PHOOEY!!

WATCH THE BIRDIE!!

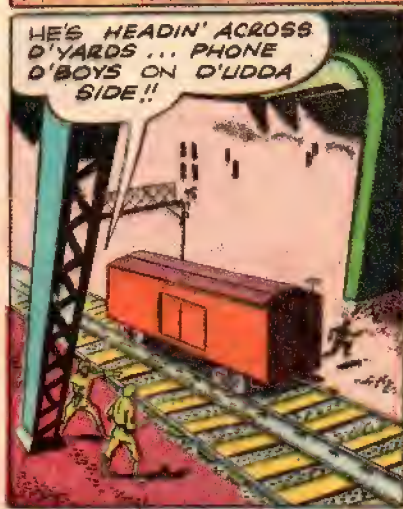


AS THE KIDS DASH FOR THE DOOR, STEEL HELMET TROOPS HEAD THEM OFF...



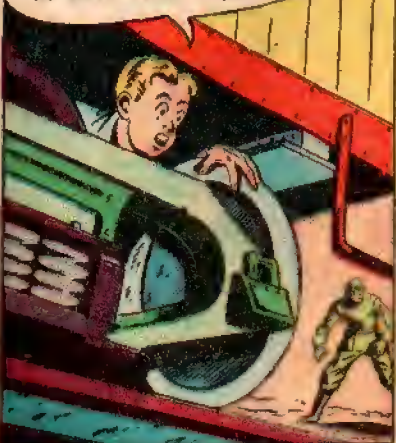
GEE WHIZ!! THEY'RE CAUGHT!! I'LL GET UNCLE SAM!!

BUDDY CUTS THROUGH THE FREIGHT YARDS...



HE'S HEADIN' ACROSS D'YARDS... PHONE D'BOYS ON D'UDDA SIDE!!

GOLLY! THEY'RE ALL AROUND ME!! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT!!



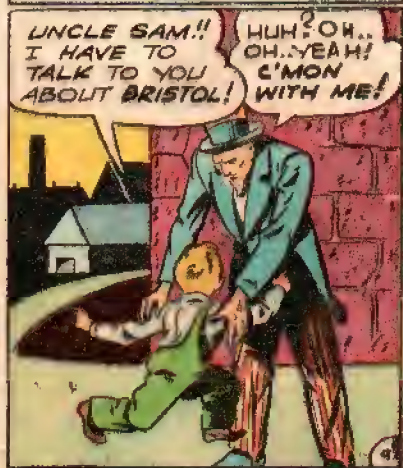
AS BUDDY SCOOT'S FOR SAFETY, THE VICIOUS MOB CLOSES IN ON HIM...



WE GOT HIM NOW!!

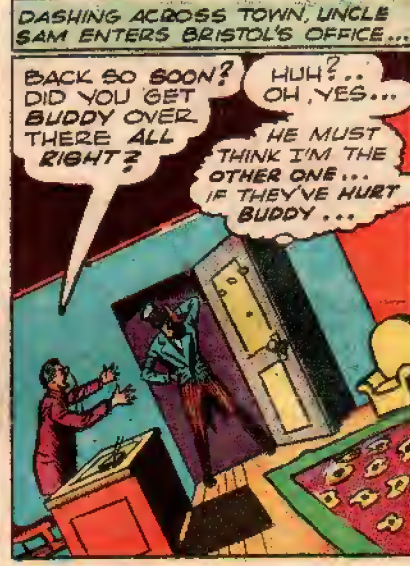
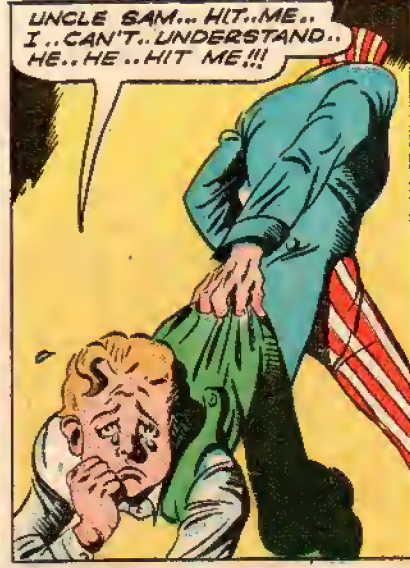
PUFF.. PUFF.. I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!!

TEMPORARILY ELUDING THE STEEL HELMETS, BUDDY RUNS SMACK INTO "UNCLE SAM"...



UNCLE SAM!! I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT BRISTOL!

HUH? OH.. OH.. YEAH! C'MON WITH ME!



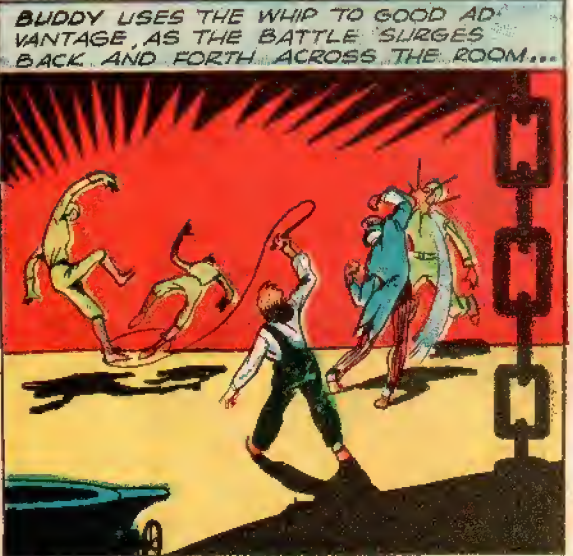
UNCLE SAM POISES THE HUGE WHIP IN MID-AIR...



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, HE WHIRLS ON THE NEAREST GUARD...

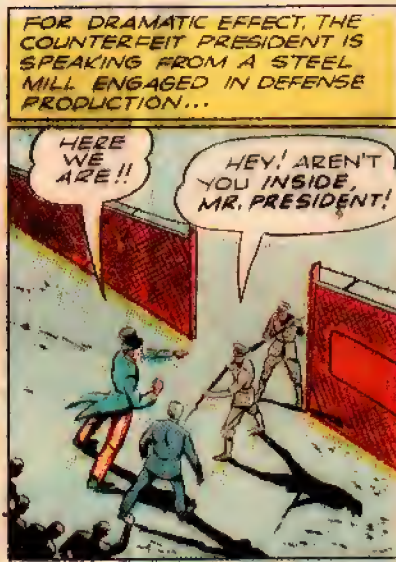


INSTANTLY, ALL IS PANDEMONIUM AS UNCLE SAM'S SLEDGE-HAMMER FISTS SMASH INTO ACTION...

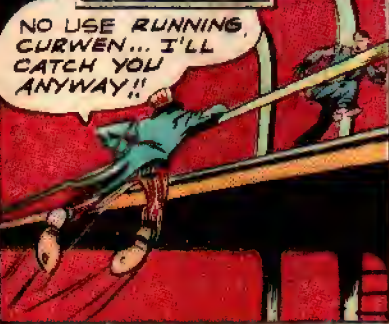


BUT IT IS UNCLE SAM'S MIGHTY STRENGTH THAT FINALLY ENDS THE STRUGGLE...



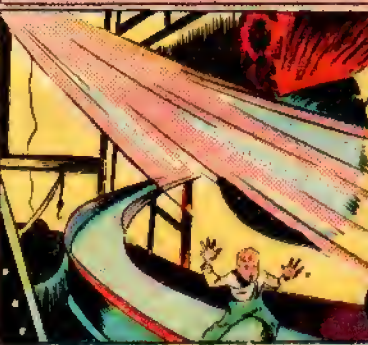


AS THE MARINES AND STEEL
HELMETS CLASH, UNCLE
SAM LEAPS FOR THE
BALCONY...



NO USE RUNNING,
CURWEN... I'LL
CATCH YOU
ANYWAY!!

UNSEEN BY UNCLE SAM, A
STEEL HELMET RELEASES
THE TREMENDOUS HOIST



LOOK OUT!!
UNCLE
SAM !!!



UNABLE TO CHECK HIMSELF,
HE PLUNGES HEAD FIRST
INTO THE VAT OF WHITE
HOT STEEL ...



YOU'VE KILLED
HIM !!!
UNCLE SAM !!

A DEATH-LIKE SILENCE
FALLS OVER THE ENTIRE
MILL... AS UNCLE SAM
DISAPPEARS INTO THE
MOLTEN METAL ...



SUDDENLY, FROM THE
DEPTHS OF THE VAT...

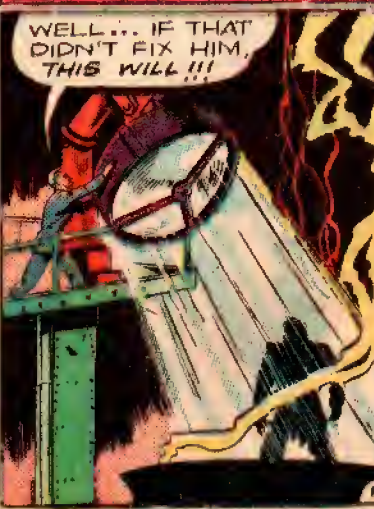


HOLY SMOKE!!
HE'S STILL
ALIVE!!



HE AIN'T
HUMAN!!

BUT CURWEN SEIZES THE
COLD BLAST FAN...



WELL... IF THAT
DIDN'T FIX HIM,
THIS WILL !!!

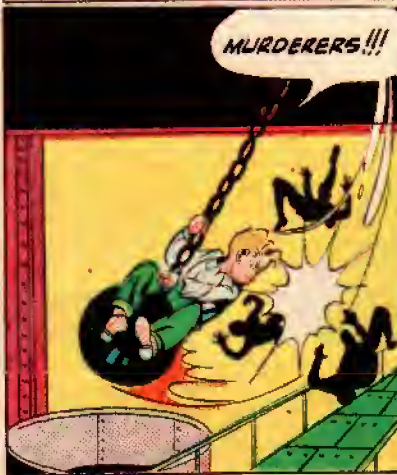
THE FIERY STEEL COOLS AND HARDENS UNDER THE BLAST OF COLD AIR AND UNCLE SAM BECOMES A METAL STATUE...

HE'S DONE FOR!!
NOW GET THAT
BRAT!!

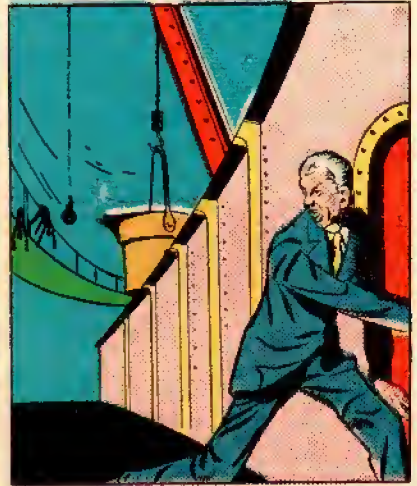


BUT THE ENRAGED BUDDY STARTS A BLITZKRIEG OF HIS OWN...SITTING ASTRIDE THE HUGE BALL...

MURDERERS!!!



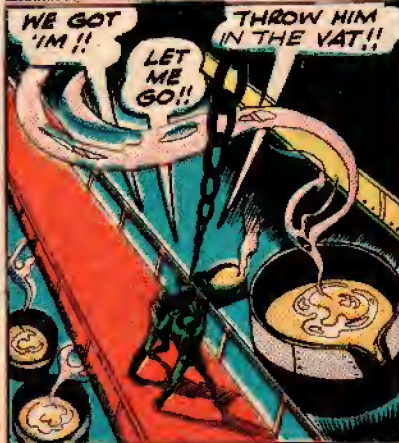
CURWEN SLIPS OUT OF HARM'S WAY, BUT SOME OF HIS MEN ARE NOT SO LUCKY...



HIS MOMENTUM SLOWED BY THE FORCE OF THE BLOW, BUDDY IS EASY PREY TO THE SWARM OF STEEL HELMETS...

WE GOT 'IM!!
LET ME GO!!

THROW HIM
IN THE VAT!!



SEEING BUDDY IN DANGER, UNCLE SAM EXPANDS HIS MIGHTY SINEWS...



THE GREATEST AMERICAN CLEARS THE RAIL IN ONE LEAP...

TAKE YOUR HANDS
OFF THAT BOY!!!

UNCLE
SAM!!
YOU'RE
ALIVE!!



WITH UNCLE SAM'S HELP, THE U.S. MARINES SOON CLEAN UP THE REMAINING STEEL HELMETS.

THAT OUGHTA
TEACH 'EM!!

YEAH...
IT SURE
OUGHTA!!



LATER... ON THEIR WAY HOME...

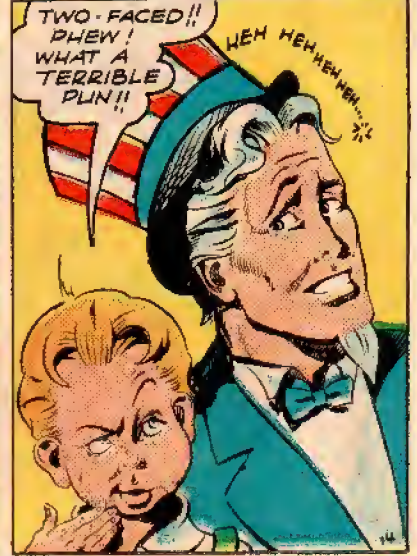
GEE, CURWEN
SURE WAS
SMART THE
WAY HE
SCULPTURED
FACES OF
EVERYONE!!

IF YOU ASK
ME, IT JUST
PROVES THAT
IT DOESN'T
PAY TO BE
TWO-FACED!!
HEH HEH HEH!!



TWO-FACED!!
PHEW!
WHAT A
TERRIBLE
PUN!!

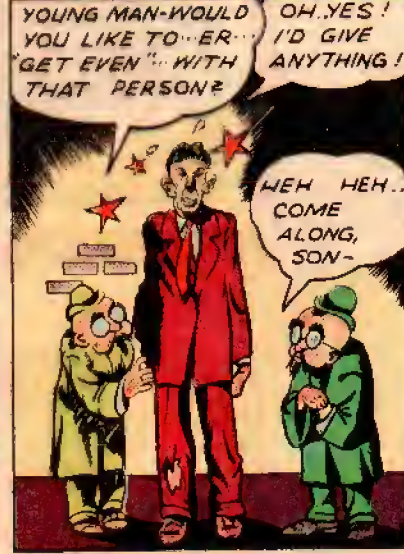
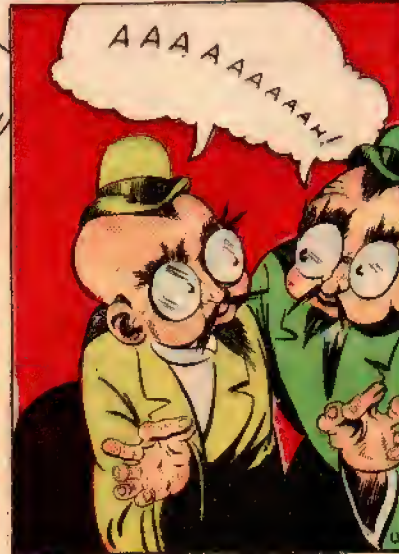
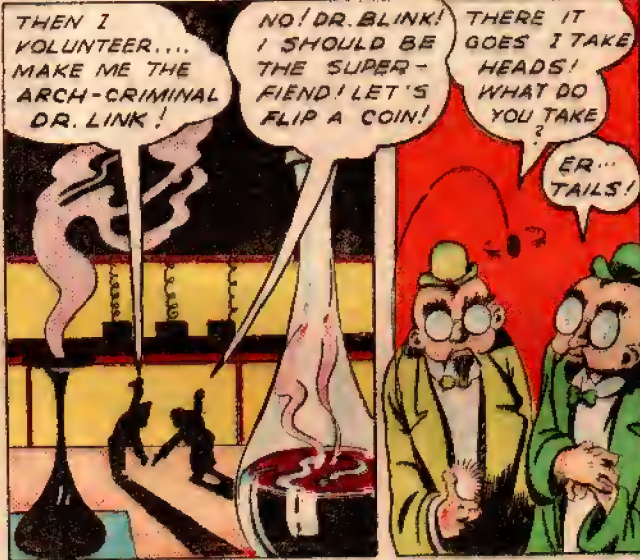
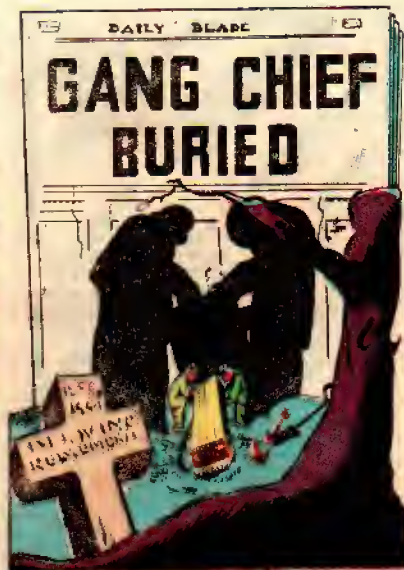
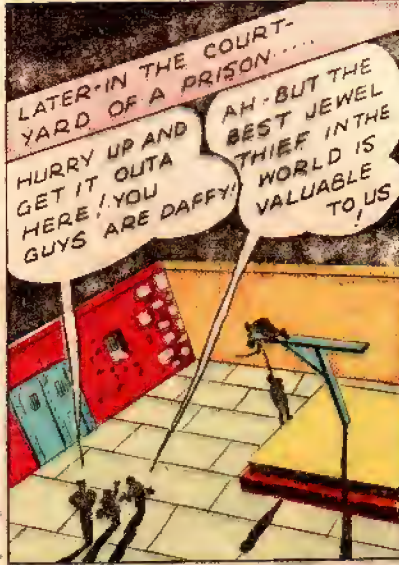
HEH HEH HEH...





Chapter 2.
UNCLE SAM
William Eisner

IN A KILLER'S HIDEOUT TWO STRANGE CHARACTERS BARGAIN FOR THE BODY OF A DEAD MAN



A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE DOCTORS' LABORATORY...

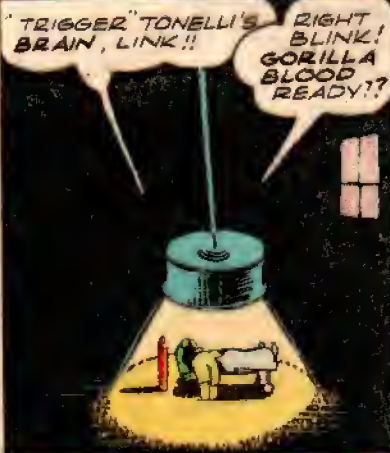


HEY! LEMME OUT!! WHAT GOES ON?

QUIET, SON! IT WON'T TAKE LONG... EH, LINK?

RIGHT, BLINK!! HERE'S THE ETHER!

MINUTES PASS.. SCALPELS AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS FLICK BACK AND FORTH SKILLFULLY...



"TRIGGER" TONELLI'S BRAIN, LINK!!

RIGHT, BLINK! GORILLA BLOOD READY!?

WELL... IT'S ALL OVER... HE'S STILL ALIVE!!

JUST THINK.. HE'LL BE THE GREATEST CRIMINAL THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!!



O.O.O.O.O.OH!!

WHERE AM I? MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT WEIGHS A TON!!!

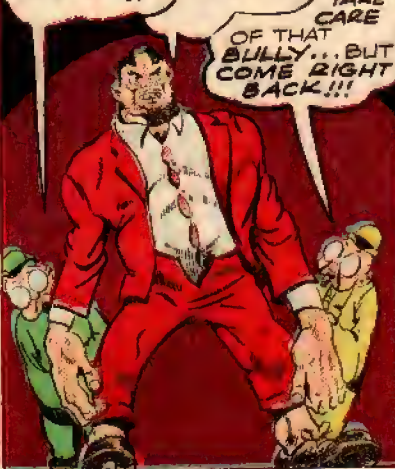


HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR-SELF KING KILLER?!

I'M BIG! THESE MUSCLES!!

NOW GO OUT AND TAKE CARE

OF THAT BULLY... BUT COME RIGHT BACK!!!



AS KING KILLER STALKS BOLDLY DOWN THE STREET, A STRAY DOG CROSSES HIS PATH!



OUT OF MY WAY, MUTT! HAH! JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH THAT GUY!!

THE DOG LIES DEAD...

WHY DID I DO THAT? I NEVER KICKED DOGS BEFORE... BUT NOW I LIKE TO KILL!!!



IN THIS UGLY FRAME OF MIND, KING KILLER HAPPENS UPON HIS ENEMY, THE BULLY...



HELLO JOE..I OWE YOU SOMETHING!!

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?? I...I... DIDN'T MEAN NUTTIN'!!

...AND NOW YOU MEAN EVEN LESS!!!





HAH! THAT'LL TEACH HIM!!
BY THUNDER, FROM NOW
ON, I TAKE WHAT I WANT!!



... AND I'LL START
RIGHT NOW!!

HALP!!
MY
PLATE
GLASS
WINDOW!!



N..NO! MY
S..SAVINGS!!
I..I..G..A..A..A..A..!!

HOW EASILY
HE CRUSHES
IN MY HANDS!!



THE RAGING TORNADO OF
STRENGTH STORMS INTO
THE LABORATORY...

LOOK! TEN THOUSAND
DOLLARS!!
AND ALL I
HAD TO DO
WAS KILL
ONE MAN!!

WONDER-
FUL, WON-
DERFUL!! EH,
LINK?

RIGHT, BLINK!!
LET'S DIVIDE
THE MONEY!!



DIVIDE
NOTHIN'!!
YOU
GUYS
ARE
THROUGH!!

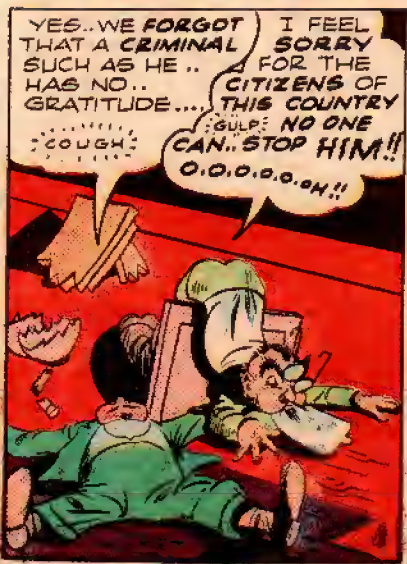
B..BUT WE
MADE YOU!!
EH, LINK?

RIGHT,
BLINK!!
WE'RE
YOUR
POPPAS!!



WE'RE DONE.. FOR..
EH... LINK? WE
MADE.. A..
TERRIBLE..
MISTAKE!!

RIGHT,
BLINK!!
WE MADE
HIM SUCH
A.. SUPER..
FIEND.. THAT..
HE.. KILLED.. US..
TOO... !!



YES.. WE FORGOT
THAT A CRIMINAL
SUCH AS HE..
HAS NO..
GRATITUDE....

I FEEL
SORRY
FOR THE
CITIZENS OF
THIS COUNTRY
GULP: NO ONE
CAN.. STOP HIM!!
O.O.O.O.O..H!!

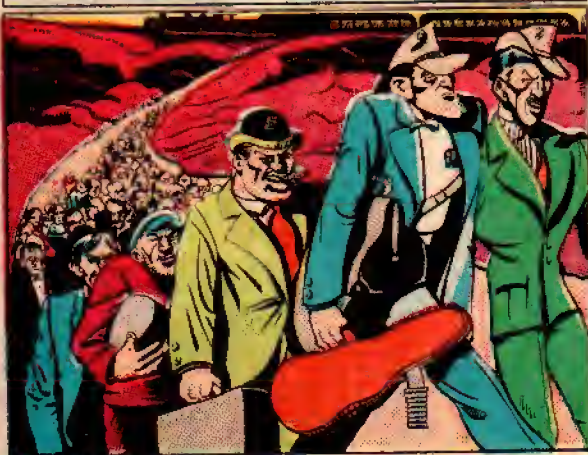


AND WITH THE DEATH OF THE
TWO LITTLE MEN, THERE
WAS LOOSED UPON AN UN-
SUSPECTING WORLD A
DESTROYING MONSTER...
THE MASTER CRIMINAL OF
ALL TIME... KING KILLER!!!

...SO THIS KING KILLER PULLS A COUPLE O BIG JOBS, DEN GOES TO D' DESERT WITH HIS GANG AND NOW THEY ARE BUILDIN' BIG CITIES.. MY MOB'S GOIN' OUT THERE TOO.. WANNA COME ?!



THE SINKHOLES OF CRIME ARE SWEEP CLEAN, AS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY WHOLE CARAVANS OF CRIMINALS ANSWER THE CALL... "TO THE DESERT!! THE KING OF CRIME COMMANDS"...



IN EVERYTOWN, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY WATCH THE STRANGE PROCESSION...

WHAT A PACK! THEY MUST BE OKIES...
OKIES, NOthin'!! NOT WITH THOSE FACES!



FOR WEEKS THERE HAS BEEN NO CRIME... THE POLICE OFFICIALS ARE PUZZLED...

WE AIN'T HAD A CRIME IN WEEKS!
YEAH... NOT EVEN ANY SLUGS IN TH' SLOT MACHINES!!



AND IN THE GREAT WASTE-LANDS... HUGE FORTIFIED CITIES SPRING UP MIDST DESERT DESOLATION...

HAH! A KINGDOM OF CRIME IN THE HEART OF AMERICA!! AND I AM THE KING!!



..AND I'LL BE KING OF AMERICA TOO SOMEDAY.. AND LOOT THE WORLD!! BUT FIRST MY LITTLE GROUP WILL BECOME A STATE... THAT WILL PROTECT US.. THEN WHEN WE ARE STRONG ENOUGH...



IN CONGRESS, THEIR REP-RESENTATIVE SPEAKS...

... AND THE COUNTRY OF REX SHOULD BE ADMITTED AS A FULL-FLEDGED STATE!!



AFTER DAYS OF DEBATING, CONGRESS FINALLY ACTS...

GENTLEMEN... I MAKE A MOTION THAT WE ADMIT THE STATE OF REX UNANIMOUSLY!!

AYE!
AYE!
AYE!



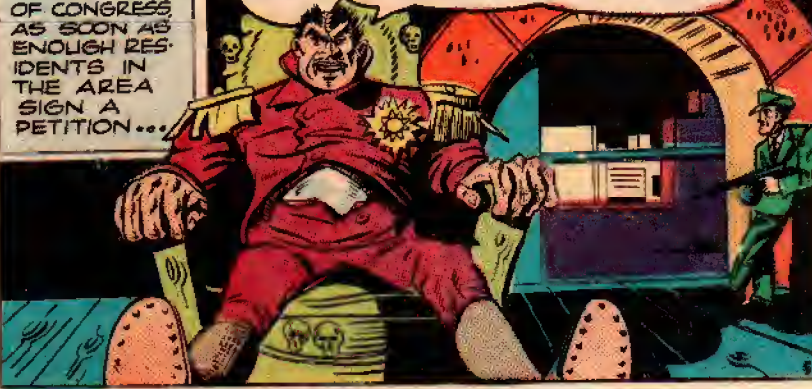
EDITOR'S NOTE:

TERRITORIES MAY BE ADMITTED AS STATES WITH THE CONSENT OF CONGRESS AS SOON AS ENOUGH RESIDENTS IN THE AREA SIGN A PETITION...



AND IN THE NEWLY PROCLAIMED STATE OF REX...

I'VE WON!! AMERICA IS AT THE MERCY OF THE STATE OF REX... THE KINGDOM OF CRIME!! WE SHALL BE THE HAVEN OF EVERY CRIMINAL IN THE COUNTRY!! HAH! HAH! HAH! HAH! HAH!



CRIME HAS APPARENTLY DIS-
APPEARED, AND EVERYTOWN
SPRAWLS LAZILY IN THE
SLUMMER SUN... SUDDENLY
THE BARK OF MACHINE GUNS
SHATTERS THE STILLNESS...



PURSUED BY THE
POLICE THE KILLERS
ESCAPE INTO REX...



LATER AS THE
POLICE RETURN
TO EVERYTOWN...



SOMETHING SH H H"
OUGHTA.... THEY'RE
EH? WHO... GONNA
KIDNAP
THE BANK
PRESIDENT
TO-NIGHT!!



AS UNCLE SAM TURNS
TO REPLY, THE FIGURE
VANISHES...



THAT NIGHT AS THE BLACK SHADOWS
LENGTHEN OVER EVERYTOWN, TWO
FIGURES SLINK THROUGH THE BANK
PRESIDENTS WINDOW.



GOT 'IM!! TIE
'IM UP, QUICK!!

SLICK AS
A WHISTLE!
NO NOISE
ER NUTTIN'!!



DASHING TO THE CAR, THE
THUGS TRANSPORT THEIR
AGED AND HELPLESS PRISONER
TO THE KINGDOM OF CRIME...



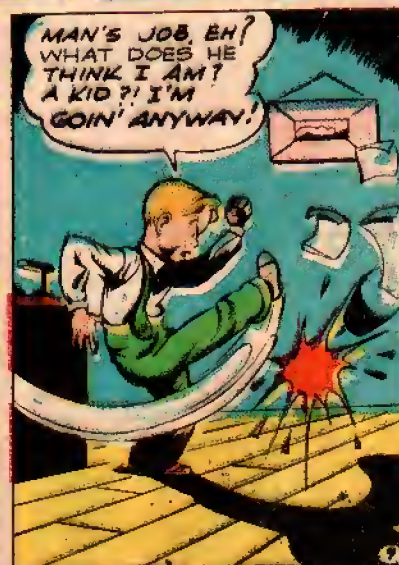
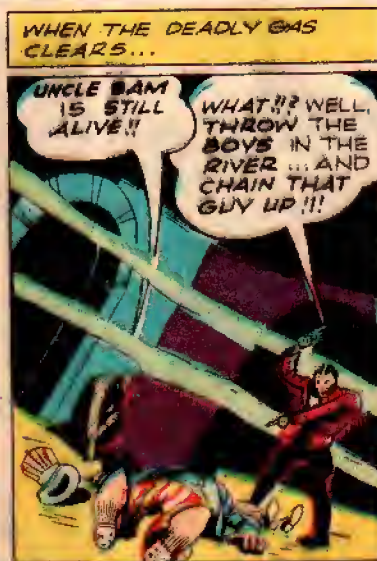
THE SACK COVERED FIGURE
IS DUMPED IN THE THRONE
ROOM...



IT'S
UNCLE
SAM!!!!

QUICK!! THE
MACHINE
GUNS!!!





ON A CLIFF
OVERLOOKING
THE HIGHWAY,
BUDDY SPIES
THE GETAWAY
CARS...



GEE!! THEY'LL
ESCAPE
UNLESS....
I HAVE IT!!

USING A DEAD LIMB
AS A LEVER, BUDDY
STARTS A SMALL
AVALANCHE...



THIS'LL STOP
THEM!! MAN'S
JOB...PHOOEY!!



WITH THE ROAD BLOCKED, THE
CROOKS ARE FORCED TO
FIGHT...



AT THAT MOMENT
IN REX...



WOW!! THAT WAS
A CLOSE ONE!!
GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE!!



THIS IS AS
GOOD A WAY
AS ANY!!

HEY!! YOU
CAN'T
DO
THAT!!!



NO??!



NOW! WHERE'S
KING KILLER?
QUICK!!

TWEET TWEET
TWEET
TWEET
...IN EVERY-
TOWN!!
TWEET TWEET
TWEET

A FEW MINUTES LATER... THE
SILVER BULLET FLASHES
TOWARD EVERYTOWN...



SUDDENLY...



WHAT WAZZAT?!



GOOD THING I FOUND
THIS HANDCAR.. THAT
SLOW-POKE TRAIN WOULD
NEVER GET ME THERE!!

BUT UNKNOWN TO UNCLE SAM,
NEWS OF HIS COMING HAS
PRECEDED HIM... AND THE
RAILROAD BRIDGE IS MINED
BY KING KILLER'S MEN ...
SUDDENLY...

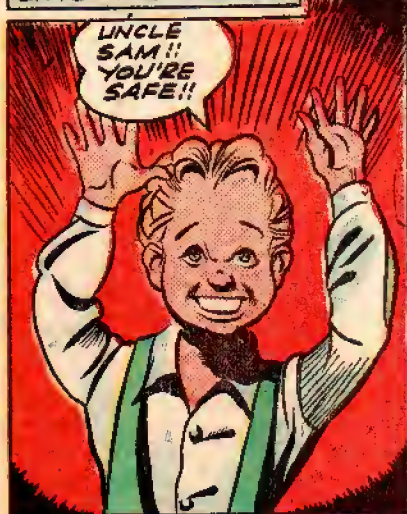


HEY!!

HURLING THROUGH THE AIR, UNCLE SAM CRASHES TO EARTH IN THE MIDST OF THE GUNMEN...



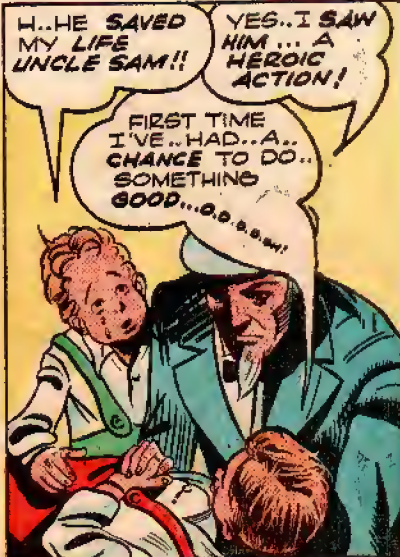
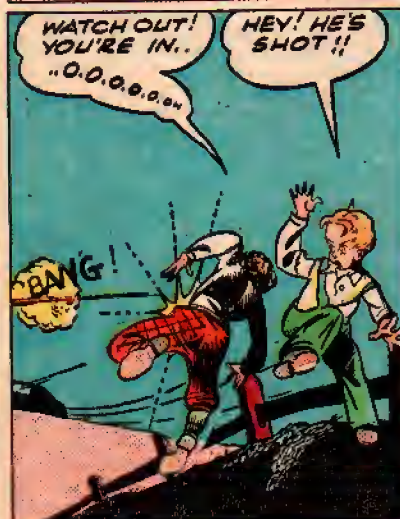
SUDDENLY BUDDY DASHES ONTO THE SCENE...



HIS MEN AGAIN BEATEN BY UNCLE SAM, THE KING OF CRIME SEEKS REVENGE...



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...



THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GOIN' TO FIX THAT KING KILLER ONCE AND FOR ALL!! WHERE IS HE?

HE GOT AWAY.. HE'S HEADING FOR REX CITY!!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, AN ANGRY MOB OF CITIZENS AND POLICE SPREAD OUT BEFORE REX CITY...



IN A WATCH-TOWER OVERLOOKING THE PLAINS...

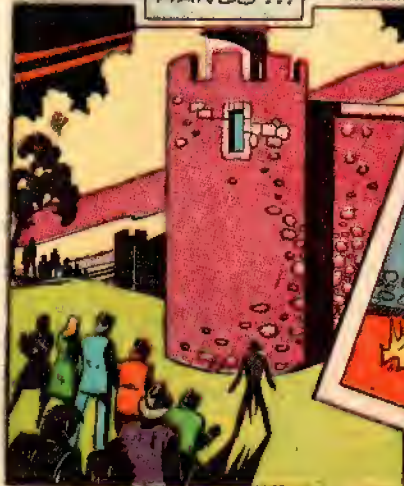
HALT! COME NO CLOSER!! THE ENTIRE CITY IS MINED!



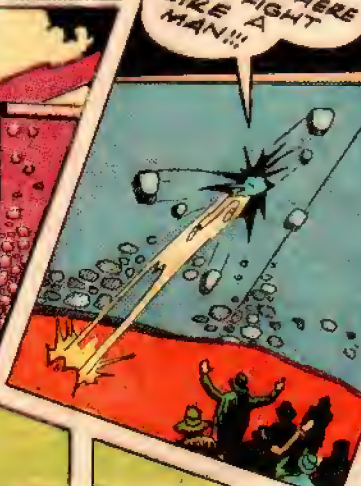
S.O.O.O.O?! THIS IS MY FIGHT!! YOU FOLKS STAND BACK!!!



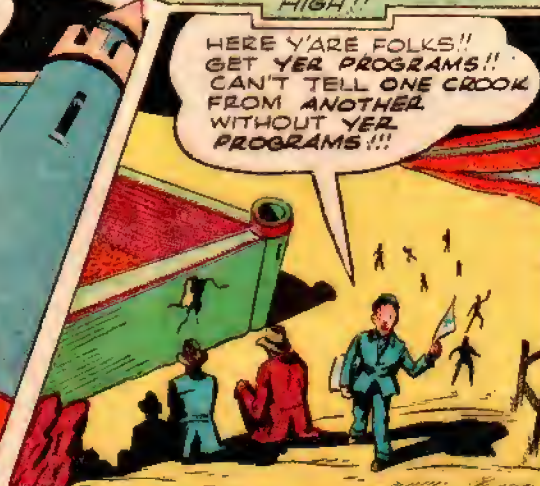
A TALL FIGURE MOVES RESOLUTELY FORWARD... UNCLE SAM TAKES THE BATTLE OF AMERICA IN HIS HANDS...



COME DOWN OUT OF THERE AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!!!



AS UNCLE SAM DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE FORBIDDING WALLS, EXCITEMENT IN THE CROWD MOUNTS HIGH!!



HERE Y'ARE FOLKS!! GET YER PROGRAMS!! CAN'T TELL ONE CROOK FROM ANOTHER WITHOUT YER PROGRAMS!!!

FROM WITHIN THE WALLS ONLY FAINT RUMBLINGS CAN BE HEARD... AND OUTSIDE AN EVER-GROWING CROWD WAITS TENSELY...



SUDDENLY...



UNCLE SAM!! YOU'RE SAFE!!



ALL RIGHT, KING KILLER...THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN!



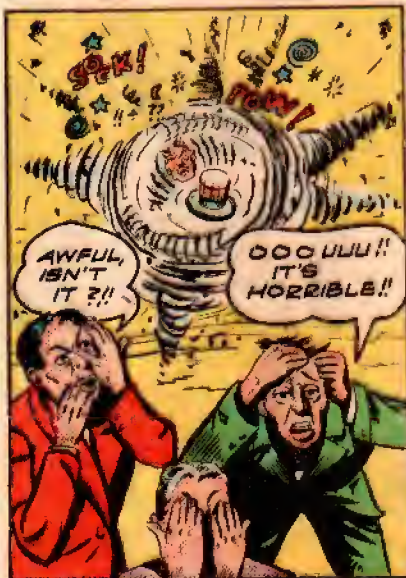
WHAM!



HAW, HAW, HAW!! YOU'VE MET YOUR MATCH THIS TIME, UNCLE SAM!!! I'M THE GREATEST FIGHTER IN THE WORLD!



UNDAUNTED UNCLE SAM WHIPS INTO ACTION... AND THE VERY EARTH TREMBLES AS THE WORLD'S TWO STRONGEST MEN MEET IN A FIGHT TO THE FINISH...

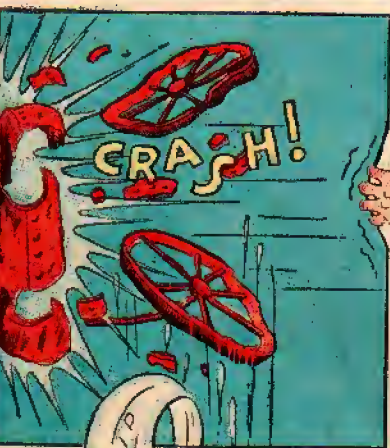


BREAKING AWAY KING KILLER DASHES TO A NEARBY ARMORED CAR...

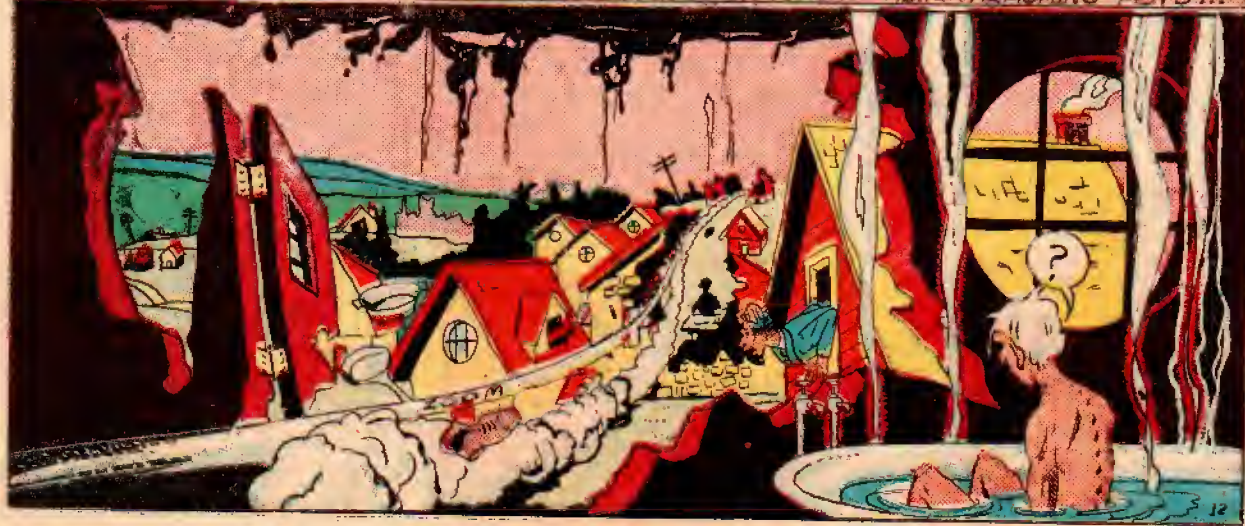


AS THE ARMORED MONSTER BEARS DOWN UPON HIM, UNCLE SAM LEAPS ASIDE AND SWINGS...

COME OUT OF THAT CHEESE-BOX YOU RAT!!!



THE SUN SETS AND RISES, AND STILL THE WARRIORS CONTINUE THEIR TITANIC STRUGGLE... CLEAVING A PATH OF DESTRUCTION THROUGH THE CITY WITH THEIR THRASHING POTS...



AS THE THIRD MORNING DAWNS BRIGHT AND CLEAR, TWO BATTERED FIGURES STUMBLE ONTO THE PLAINS BEYOND THE RUINED CITY, AND HEAD FOR THE DAM...



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY KING KILLER!!! BETTER GIVE UP NOW!!!

MEANWHILE, BUDDY HAS CREPT ATOP THE GENERATOR BUILDING WHERE KING KILLER WAITS FOR UNCLE SAM...

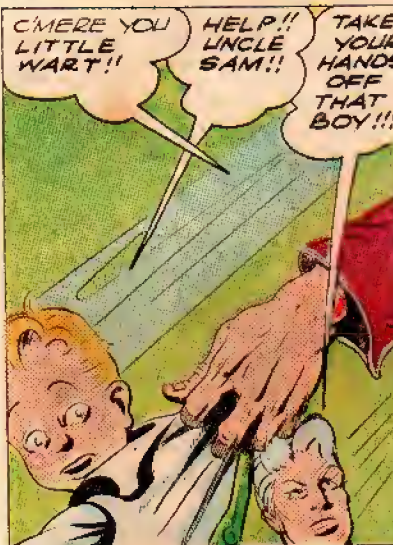


THERE HE IS!! I'LL SWING DOWN AND BOP HIM!!!

AS BUDDY PLUMMETS DOWN, THE TRAPPED KILLER SPOTS HIM...



UNCLE SAM'S KID!! HAH!! NOW I'VE GOT HIM WHERE I WANT HIM!!



C'MERE YOU LITTLE WART!!

HELP!! UNCLE SAM!!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT BOY!!!

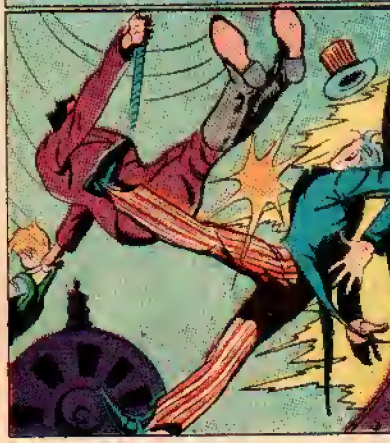
UNCLE SAM TEARS FORWARD AS THE MONSTER LEAPS FOR THE ROPE...



YOU OVER-GROWN NIGHT-MARE!! I'LL...

YAAAAAH!! COME.. AND GET ME!!

SMASHING FORWARD WITH THE FORCE OF A TRIP-HAMMER, KING KILLER SLAMS UNCLE SAM INTO A HUGE GENERATOR...



MILLIONS OF VOLTS COURSE THROUGH UNCLE SAM... ELECTRICITY ENOUGH TO KILL AN ARMY...



HA!! HA!! HA!! CHALLENGE THE KING OF CRIME WILL YOU?? YOU'RE FINISHED HA!! HA!! HA!!

RUSHING FROM THE HOUSE THE KING OF CRIME HEADS FOR THE MIDDLE OF THE DAM...



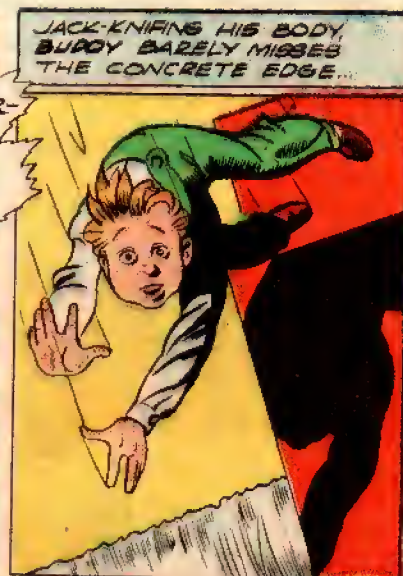
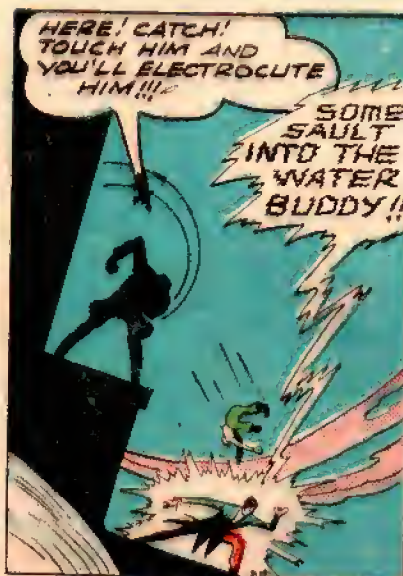
HE'S DONE FOR! NOW TO GET RID OF YOU!!

LEGGO! HELP!!!

FIGHTING AGAINST THE TREMENDOUS ELECTRICAL FORCE, UNCLE SAM TEARS AWAY... A MOVING CHARGE OF ELECTRICITY...



GOT TO GET TO BUDDY!!



FINAL

UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

Star Record

THE AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

UNCLE SAM A FAKE

IMPOSSIBLE FEATS CLAIMED

STAR-RECORD REPORTER EXPOSES GREATEST FRAUD PERPETRATED ON AMERICAN PEOPLE!

By LANFY PEDERSON

During the last few years, America has learned of the sudden appearance of a bewhiskered gentleman who claims he is Uncle Sam, the spirit of this country . . . a man who does the impossible . . . We believe there is no such person, and that he is undoubtedly the concoction of a clever publicity man!

We have never met this person . . . although we have all heard of him many times . . . in history books and political cartoons! To believe that such a man really exists is preposterous. We have heard people say that they have seen him and spoken with him . . . But when questioned, they all admitted that there was nothing at all extraordinary in his size, speech, or apparent strength. None of them had ever seen him perform even one of the miraculous feats which are accredited to him.

There are those who hold up as evidence of his powers, the many criminals who are now behind bars . . . We of this paper maintain that an equal number of criminals have been placed in jail by the local police forces, without the use of superhuman strength, or a pair of striped pants and a white goatee!

Therefore . . . in view of the appalling lack of evidence in favor of this so-called eighth wonder of the world, this paper contends that although there MAY be a person masquerading as Uncle Sam, his "powers" are purely and simply the invention of a HIGH PRICED AND HIGH PRESSURE PUBLICITY MAN! Furthermore, we challenge any and all comers to prove otherwise!

DID THESE THINGS REALLY HAPPEN?

We submit the following incidents to the readers of the Star-Record. We ask our readers to honestly give their opinions—could any man, any man who was posing as a "spirit of America" accomplish these super-human deeds?

When America first learned of the presence of this so-called Uncle Sam, he

was battling against the menace of dictatorship. The Purple Shirts had kidnapped the president of the United States. According to the legend, he fought against the entire fascist band single-handed, had boulders cracked on his skull—with no effect—walked into the mouth of cannon-fire, smashed through solid brick walls and then rescued the kidnapped president of this country.

No single man could have accomplished this. It would have taken an army.

He is supposed to have wrecked—single-handed again—a plot to crush the United States Navy. In accomplishing this so-called miraculous task, he is said to have ripped apart the steel hulls of enemy warships, towed immensely heavy floating islands to their destruction, hurled anchors high into the air so that they clipped the wings of enemy airplanes—and thus effected the saving of the United States Navy. By any stretch of the imagination, could *any one man* accomplish this?

These and a thousand other feats are supposed to have been accomplished by this Uncle Sam. We say—prove there is an Uncle Sam, to us—he's a "phony"!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY WORLD ...

BOB, THE RECORD SAYS UNCLE SAM'S A PHONEY! ... I SAY HE'S REAL! TAKE THIS 'PHOTO' AND GET THAT STORY!!

RIGHT!!

AS BOB HURRIES TO THE CAR...

GEE! THIS IS A BREAK! OH... HELLO 'LANEY... I...

HMPH!

LOOKS LIKE YOUR ROMANCE IS AS COLD AS LAST NIGHTS FISH, SONNY!

...AND ALL BECAUSE I SAY UNCLE SAM IS REAL!! SHE THINKS HE'S A PHONEY... HEY!

THAT'S LANEY'S CAR!! HURRY UP OR SHE'LL BEAT US TO EVERYTOWN!!

TAKE THIS SHORTCUT! WE'LL BEAT 'EM!!

THE RIVALS REACH UNCLE SAM'S HOUSE SIMULTANEOUSLY ... BUT FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS ...

WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!!

OH, BE QUIET! I GOT HERE FIRST!!

UNCLE SAM! YOU'RE THE SPIRIT AND STRENGTH OF AMERICA AREN'T YOU?!

OH NUTS! YOU'RE JUST MAKING BELIEVE, AREN'T YOU, UNCLE SAM?

SAAAAY HOLD ON THERE!

AFTER ALL, I.. EH? WHAT IS IT, BUDDY?

A FIRE.. DOWN THE ROAD!! SOME PEOPLE ARE TRAPPED!!

CAN'T TALK NOW!! C'MON ALONG IF YOU LIKE

C'MON, KNOW-IT-ALL! THIS'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S A PHONEY, YOU PHONEY!!!

WELL OF ALL THE ...

AS THE QUARREL SOME LOVERS
ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF THE
FIRE...



JEEPERS,
LANEY!!
HE'S
GOING
UP THE
SIDE OF THE
BUILDING!!

O.O.O.O.O.
THAT WOMAN
IS GOING
TO FALL!!

CLINGING TO THE SHEER
FACE OF THE BLAZING
BUILDING, UNCLE SAM
PLUCKS THE DOOMED
WOMAN FROM THE JAWS
OF DEATH....



GOOD HEAVENS!!
THE BUILDING'S
FALLING!!!

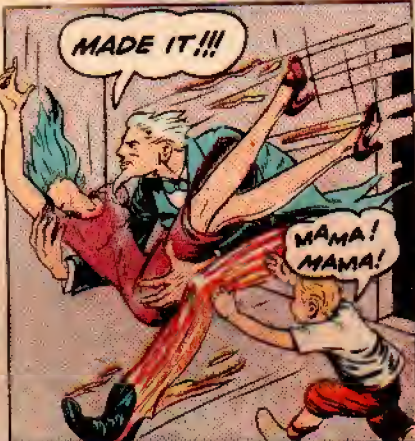
MAKING A DESPERATE
EFFORT, UNCLE SAM
HEAVES THE WOMAN
CLEAR, AS THE ROAR-
ING INFERNO CLAIMS
HIM...



SUDDENLY FROM THE
WITHERING INFERNO
CHARGES A SMOKING
FIGURE...

LANEY'S CITY EDITOR RUSHES
ONTO THE SCENE...

THE HELPLESS WOMAN
HURTLES TOWARDS A
HORRIBLE DEATH ON
THE PAVEMENT BELOW..



MADE IT!!!

MAMA!
MAMA!



LET'S HAVE
THAT EXPOSE
OF THE CHEAP
PHONE!!

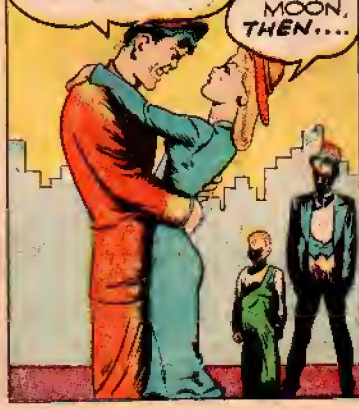
YOU'RE THE CHEAP
PHONE!!
AND I'M
QUITTING!!

H'RAV!!
I'VE GOT
A LIFETIME
JOB FOR YOU
DARLING!!

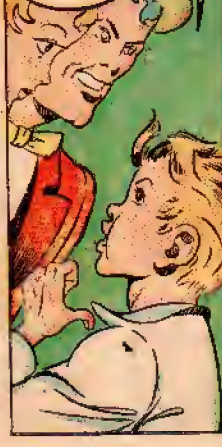


FIRST I'LL
WRITE THE STORY
OF WHO UNCLE
SAM IS AND HOW
HE CAME TO BE..
THEN WE'LL GO
ON OUR
HONEYMOON!!

OH NO!
FIRST
WE
GO
ON
OUR
HONEY-
MOON...
THEN....

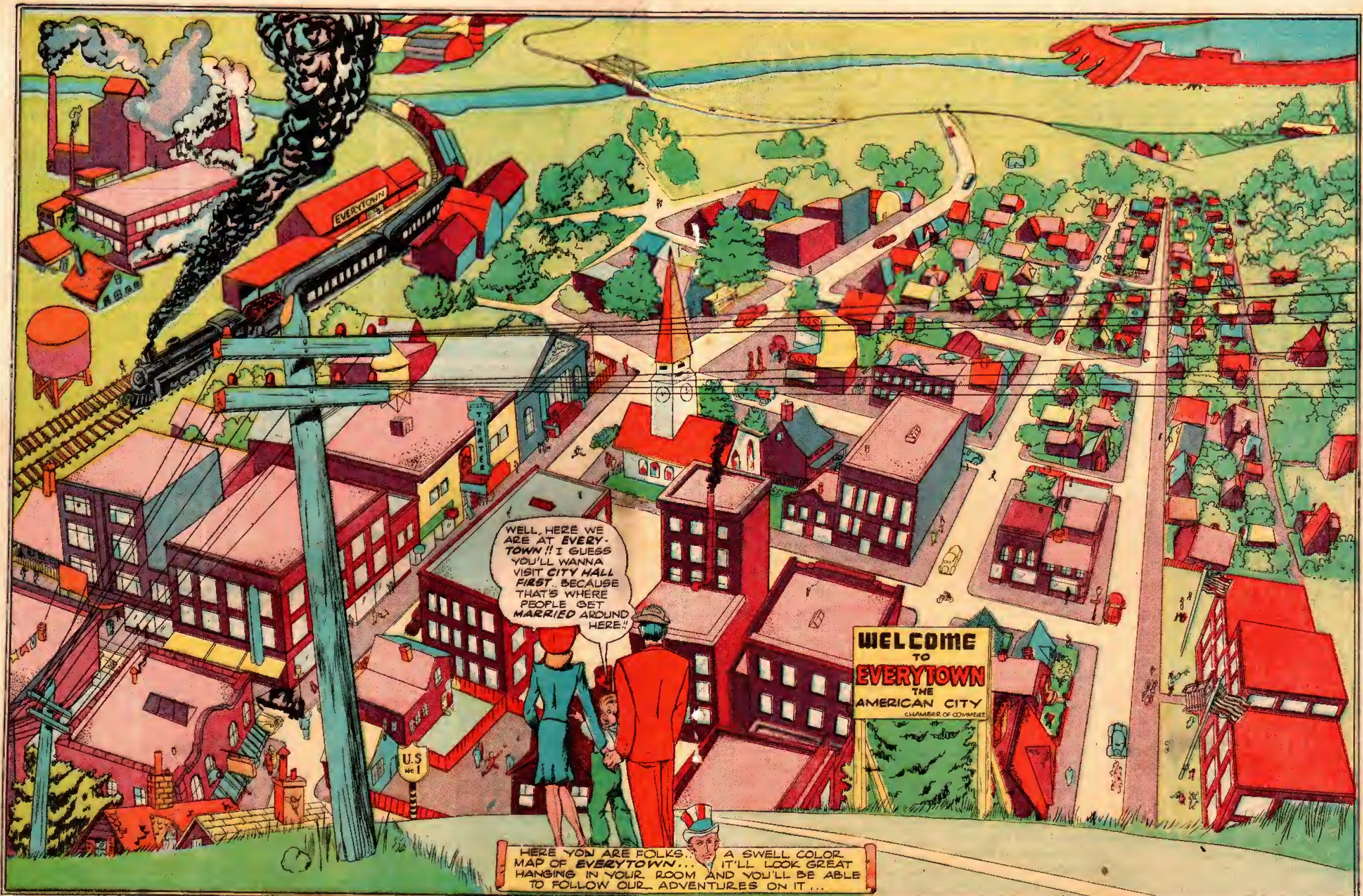


... WAIT! DON'T
FIGHT... I'LL
WRITE THE
STORY
FOR
YOU!!



LOOKS LIKE THAT
WAS THE SOLUTION
EH, BUDDY? IN THE
MEANTIME WHY
DON'T YOU SHOW
THEM AROUND
OUR LITTLE
TOWN?





WELL, HERE WE ARE AT EVERYTOWN!! I GUESS YOU'LL WANNA VISIT CITY HALL FIRST... BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE PEOPLE GET MARRIED AROUND HERE!!


WELCOME TO EVERYTOWN THE AMERICAN CITY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

HERE YOU ARE FOLKS... A SWELL COLOR MAP OF EVERYTOWN... IT'LL LOOK GREAT HANGING IN YOUR ROOM AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW OUR ADVENTURES ON IT...

Average net paid circulation

Daily --- 1,975
Sunday - 3,600

UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

DAILY  ALMANAC

★★★★★
FINAL

PUBLISHED AND PRINTED IN EVERY TOWN

UNCLE SAM REAL . . . BUDDY SAYS !!

REFUTES RECORD CHARGES

BUDDY, UNCLE SAM'S PROTEGE, TELLS OF THRILLING ADVENTURES . . .

By BUDDY

I've known Uncle Sam for quite a while now, and it makes me awful mad to have someone say he's a phony. I've been with him all the time since that first day I saw him in the desert, and I KNOW he can do all the things that people say he can't do! Lot's of people ask me where he gets the strength to do the things he does, as if it was something supernatural . . . but it's really very simple.

He was born out of the fighting spirit of the Colonies, during the Revolutionary War. He was at Valley Forge with Washington, and was right up front

when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. He got his sea legs in the War of 1812, and he stormed San Juan hill with the Rough-Riders in the Spanish-American War. In the first World War he carried the flag at Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood . . . and today, with 130 million people behind him, he's more powerful than ever. You fellas know how it is if the crowd is all cheering for you . . . you always try harder, and always do your best when they're encouraging you. That's the way with Uncle Sam. Nobody is big enough to lick him if everyone of us stands behind him and cheers. Naturally he can't do his best if everyone is against him, that's why it's so important for us to all stick by him in these times.

Uncle Sam Fought Spies

One of the best things about him is the fact that he's so tolerant. Nearly everyone can do pretty much as he pleases as long as he plays according to the rules. Nobody likes a cheat, and neither does Uncle Sam. Spies and crooks and traitors

are all cheats, and our Uncle Sam doesn't stand for that sort of thing. He worked awful hard to make this country as swell as it is today, and he gets good and mad when anybody tries to upset his way of living. That's why the jails are so full of bad guys.

The Star-Record says that no one man could do the things that he does . . . Well, he doesn't exactly do it all alone, because like I said, there's 130 million people behind him, giving him strength to keep on fighting evil, and make this country the swellest place in the world to live—

Yes sir, I've been with Uncle Sam for a long time now, and let me tell you that he's the best Uncle a fella ever had. We've had some pretty exciting adventures too, but the only time that anyone ever came close to licking him was the time that the people stopped cheering for him and he lost his strength. So let's not listen to old sourpusses like the Star-Record, and let's get in there and cheer for our Uncle Sam.

The
MAN
who
SOLD
his
COUNTRY



Chapter 3.
UNCLE SAM
William Eisner

NOVEMBER 1940...DISASTER
THREATENS THE WORLD...
AND IN AMERICA THE PRES-
IDENTIAL ELECTION ROCKS
THE NATION...
AMONG THE INEVITABLE HORDE
OF WEAK FACTIONS WHICH BLOS-
SOM FORTH FOR THEIR MOMENT
OF GLORY ONLY TO BE OVER-
WHELMED BY THE LARGER
PARTIES, WAS THE PROGRESSIVE
PARTY HEADED BY HORATIO
BROWN...

... AND IN A SMOKE FILLED
OFFICE A GROUP OF MEN
RECEIVE THE NEWS IN
STUNNED SILENCE ...

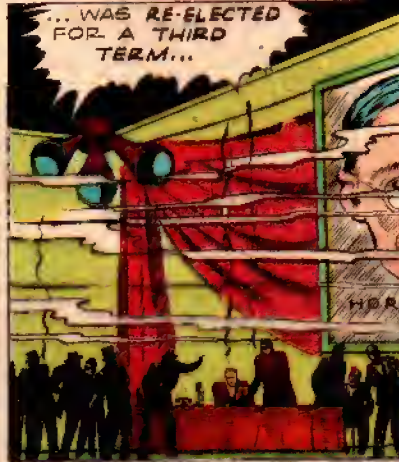
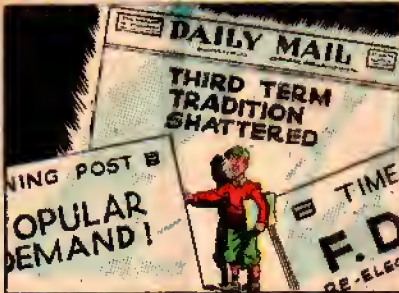
... WAS RE-ELECTED
FOR A THIRD
TERM...

TOUGH LUCK
HORATIO...

TOO BAD
OLD MAN!

SORRY
BROWN...

HORATIO BROWN
FOR
PRESIDENT



CRUSHED BY HIS DEFEAT HORATIO BROWN STUMBLES OUT INTO
THE STREET, WHERE HE IS SWALLOWED IN THE THRONGS
OF MERRY-MAKERS...

YOU DRUNKEN FOOL!!
ASIDE, YOU GREAT
HULK OF STUPIDITY!!

HEY!
TAKE
IT
EASY
MAC!!

'RAY FER
F.D.R.
!!

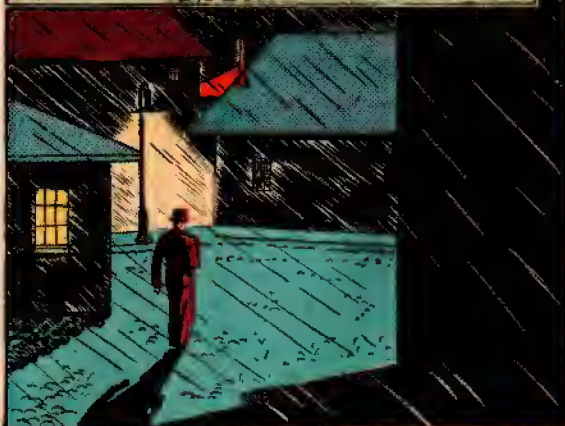
WHOOPEEE!!

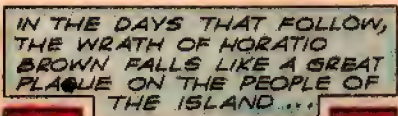
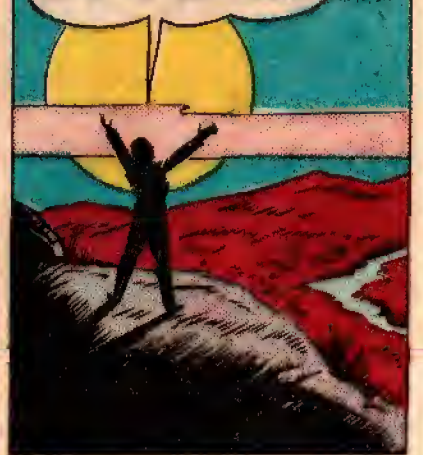
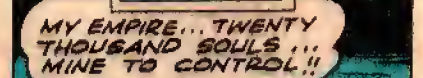
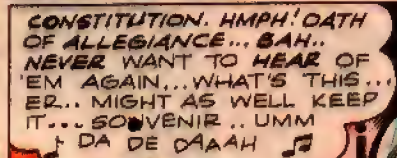
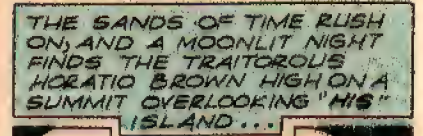
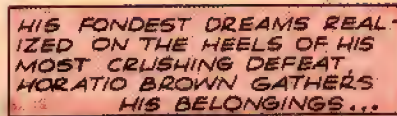
S'GREAT
AIN'T IT
SHORTY?!



DISILLUSIONED AND EMBITTERED, THE
LITTLE MAN SEEKS THE SOLITUDE OF
A DESERTED, RAIN-SWEPT, SIDE STREET.
HIS SPIRIT, NOW BROKEN BY THIS
LAST BLOW, THE REFERENCE TO HIS
SIZE...

CAN'T THE FOOLS
REALIZE THAT WE
LITTLE MEN HAVE
BRAINS?! WHY
MUST WE BE
PAWNS TO THE
EGO OF THESE
OVERSIZED IDIOTS?!
I'D GIVE ANYTHING
TO BE KING FOR
A MONTH !!!





MEANWHILE..WITH THE STOLEN DEFENSE PLANS IN THEIR POSSESSION, THE FOREIGN POWERS DECLARE "WAR ON THE UNITED STATE....



OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE THE NAVY STEAMS OUT TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY...



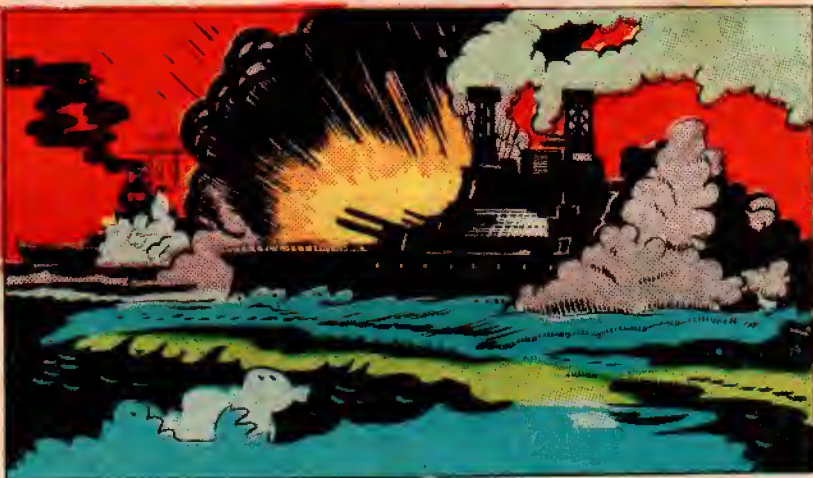
... AND THROUGH THE ACRID SMOKE OF BATTLE LOOMS THE HEROIC FIGURE OF UNCLE SAM...



HURLING MINES AND TORPEDOS WITH DEADLY AIM, UNCLE SAM WREAKS HAVOC AMONG THE ENEMY...



BUT DESPITE HIS HERCULEAN EFFORTS, THE OUTNUMBERED AMERICAN NAVY IS SLOWLY CUT TO PIECES.. SUDDENLY UNCLE SAM'S SHIP RECEIVES A DIRECT HIT...



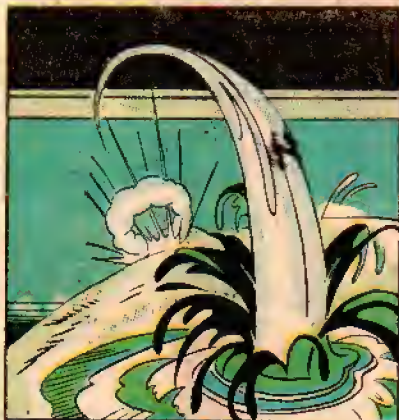
THE HUNGRY WATERS EAGERLY CLUTCH AT THE DOOMED VESSEL.. BUT THE GALLANT CREW FIGHTS ON...



THE SHIP HISSES IN PAIN AS THE WATER REACHES THE THROBBING BOILERS..

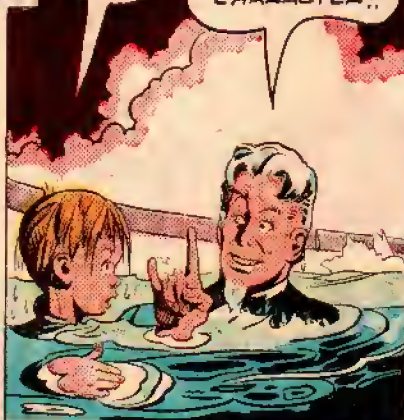


PROPELLED BY THE TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY HURTLER THROUGH THE AIR, FINALLY PLUNGING INTO THE OCEAN, MILES FROM THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE...



GEE, UNCLE SAM... DON'T THINGS LIKE THAT EVER HURT YOU?

A A H! YOU FORGET THAT I'M A SUPER-CHARACTER!!



WITH A FEW POWERFUL STROKES, THEY REACH A NEARBY ISLE...

HUH! THE VEGETATION HERE IS TROPICAL... WE MUST HAVE TRAVELED A HUNDRED MILES!

GEE WHIZ!! A CASTLE... I WONDER WHERE WE ARE!!?



WHILE DEEP WITHIN THE FORBIDDING STRUCTURE SITS HORATIO BROWN... WHOSE LUST FOR POWER HAS BECOME A VERITABLE FRANKENSTEIN...



WITH A BLAST OF MEDIEVAL FANFARE, THE GREAT DOORS ARE SWUNG OPEN...

YOUR EXCELLENCY... TWO PRISONERS... CAPTURED IN THE COURTYARD....

WELL... WELL... UNCLE SAM!!



YOU AND YOUR KIND ARE DOOMED!! HEH... HEH... WHEN YOUR PACIFIC FLEET ENTERS THE CANAL, IT WILL BE DESTROYED! YOUR COUNTRY WILL BE HELPLESS.. AND I, HORATIO BROWN, ENGINEERED IT... I'LL



WELL, I'LL BE... WHY YOU...



NOW... YOU LITTLE... ..

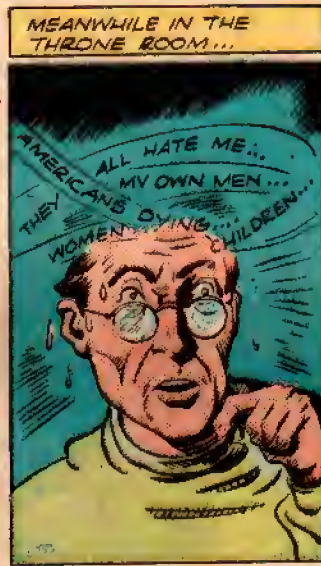
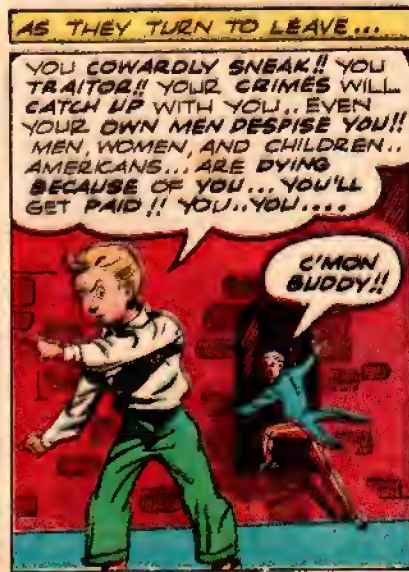
WAIT.. WAIT!!! LET'S TALK THIS THING OVER... ER... AHEN... YES...



NEVER MIND THE TALK!! GET ME TO PANAMA!!

THERE IS NO WAY TO LEAVE!! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO REACH THERE??





YOUR TRAITOROUS EXISTANCE IS PROLONGED MERELY BY ORDERS FROM THE HOME-LAND... WHEN THE ONCE PROUD UNITED STATES IS REDUCED TO SERFOOD, YOU WILL NO LONGER BE NECESSARY!!



WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN... MY COUNTRY ATTACKED... MY FRIENDS AND FAMILY DYING... MY OWN LIFE WORTHLESS... I MUST REDEEM MYSELF BEFORE I DIE... I MUST! I MUST!



I KNOW!! THE PLANE!! I CAN STOP THEM... I KNOW THEIR PLANS... HE CALLED ME A TRAITOR... I'LL BETRAY THEM TOO! HEH... HEH... HEH... HEH... HEH...



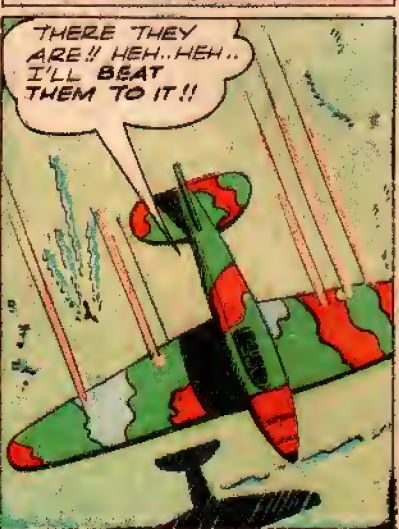
LATER... FAR OUT IN THE ATLANTIC...



HEY! LOOK!! A PLANE COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE ISLAND!!



IN THE SPEEDING PLANE



I WONDER WHO..... UNCLE SAM!!! A SHARK!!



SHADES OF BUNKER HILL!! STEP ASIDE, BUDDY!!



AS THE VICIOUS MONSTER FLASHES BENEATH HIM, UNCLE SAM THROWS HIS MIGHTY ARMS ABOUT ITS GILLS.



UNABLE TO BREATHE.. THE GIANT KILLER DROWNS ...



A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

BY GOLLY! THESE SHARK STEAKS SURE HIT THE SPOT!!!

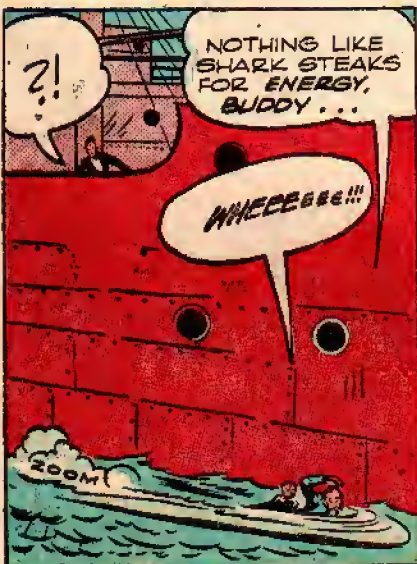


YES SIR!! IT'S LUCKY WE KNEW HOW TO MAKE A FIRE WITH THAT DRIFT-WOOD!!!

MEANWHILE...ON A LUXURY LINER,NOT FAR AWAY...

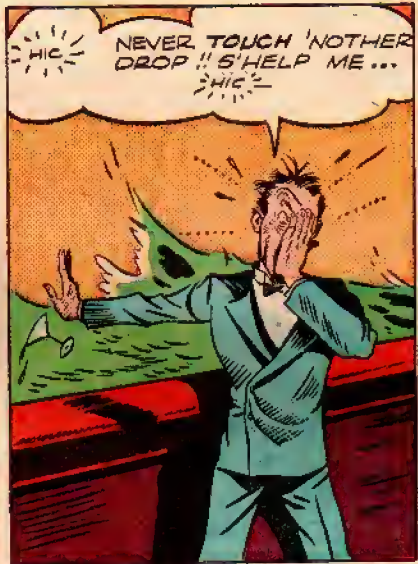


YES SIR! AN' THE FASTEST ONE TOO!!

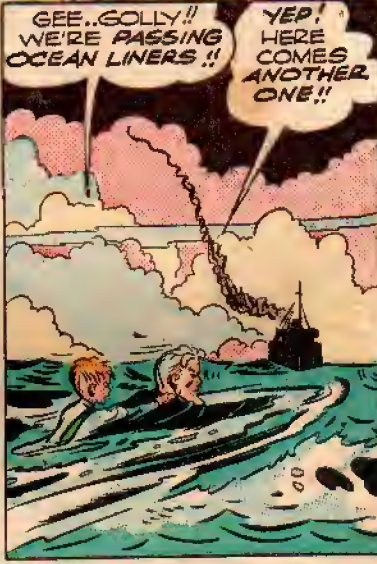


NOTHING LIKE SHARK STEAKS FOR ENERGY, BUDDY...

WHEEEEE!!!



NEVER TOUCH 'NOTHER DROP!! S'HELP ME...



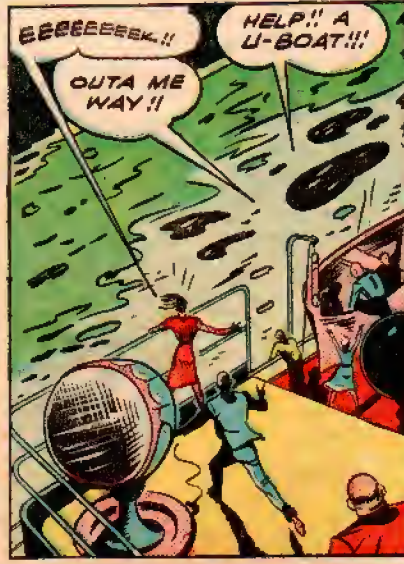
GEE..GOLLY!! WE'RE PASSING OCEAN LINERS!!

YEP! HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE!!



SHIVER ME TIMBERS!! A TORPEDO!

EGAD!! WE'RE DOOMED!! MAN THE LIFEBOATS!!!



EEEEEEEEK!!

OUTA ME WAY!!

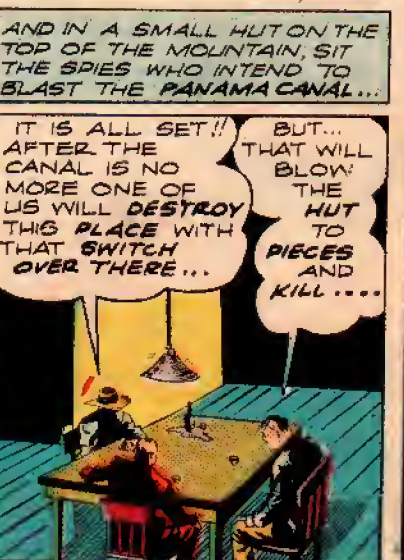
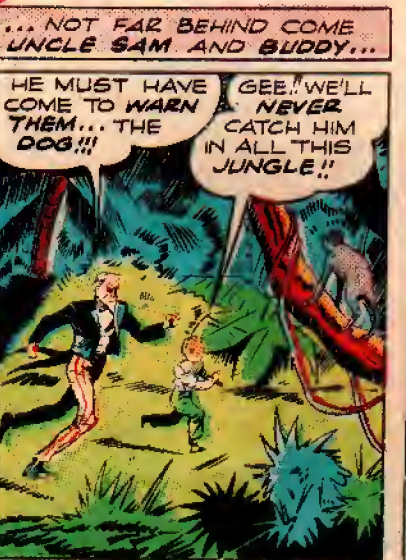
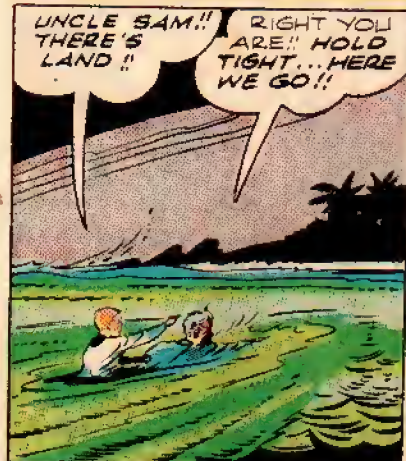
HELP!! A LI-BOAT!!!

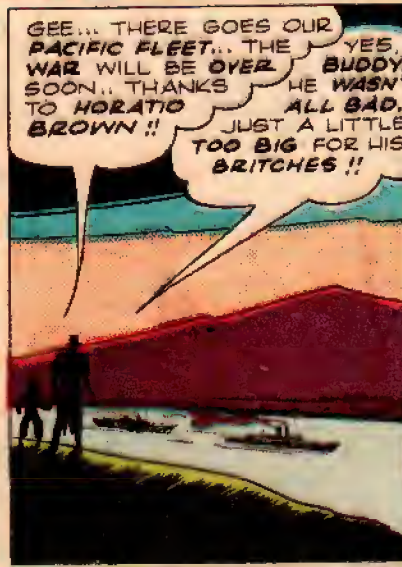
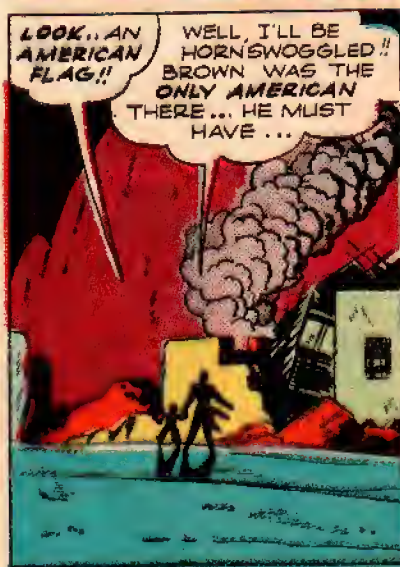
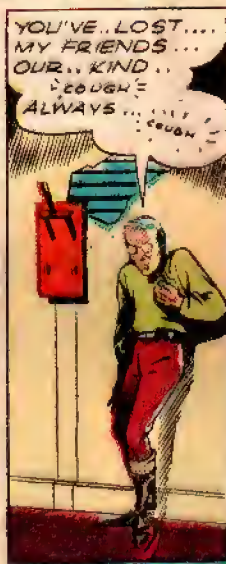


I WONDER WHAT ALL THE EXCITEMENT'S ABOUT?

I DUNNO! THEY LOOKED AT US AND STARTED SCREAMING!! MUST BE CRAZY!

WITH EACH STROKE OF HIS MIGHTY ARMS, UNCLE SAM DRAWS NEARER AND NEARER HIS GOAL... SUDDENLY...





The MAD POET

OR

UNCLE SAM

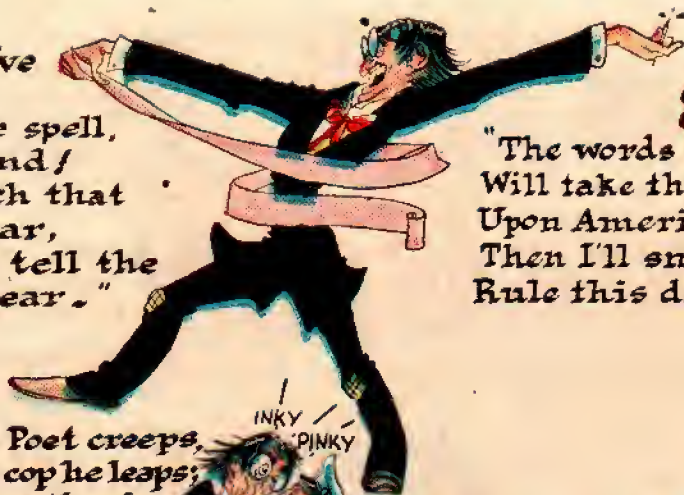
Battle

INKY PINKY DMBLAGOO
FOLDER DOBBLE BOTTLEPOO



Oh, a horrible tale we have to tell,
Of a fiendish rhyme and its cruel
spell;
Of a dastardly plot to rule our
land,
Till Uncle Sam took a hand!

1.
 "Eureka, at last I've found.
 With its terrible spell,
 they'll be bound /
 Its power is such that
 all who hear,
 Must grab and tell the
 first one near."

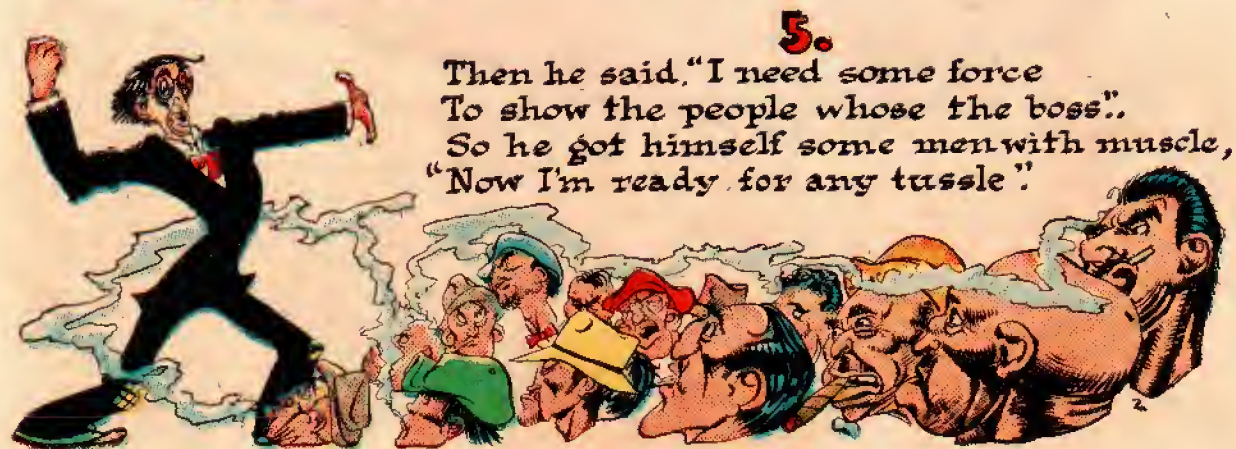


2.
 "The words once told,
 Will take their hold..
 Upon America the free..
 Then I'll smash in and
 Rule this darn country."

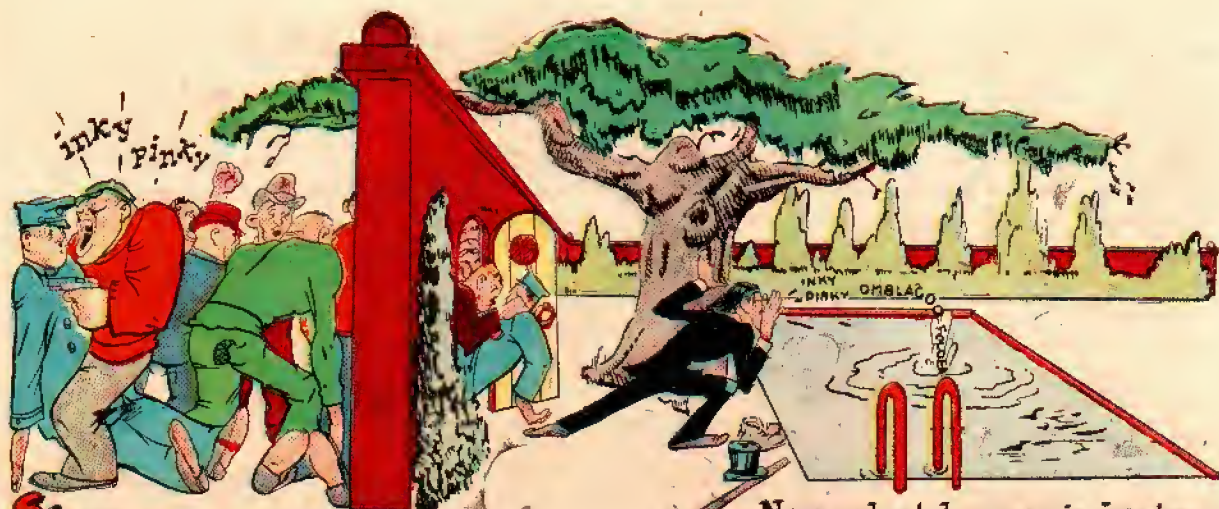
3.
 Out of his den the Poet creeps,
 And on the corner cop he leaps;
 He leaves behind a path of
 curse..
 The world has gone from
 bad to verse.



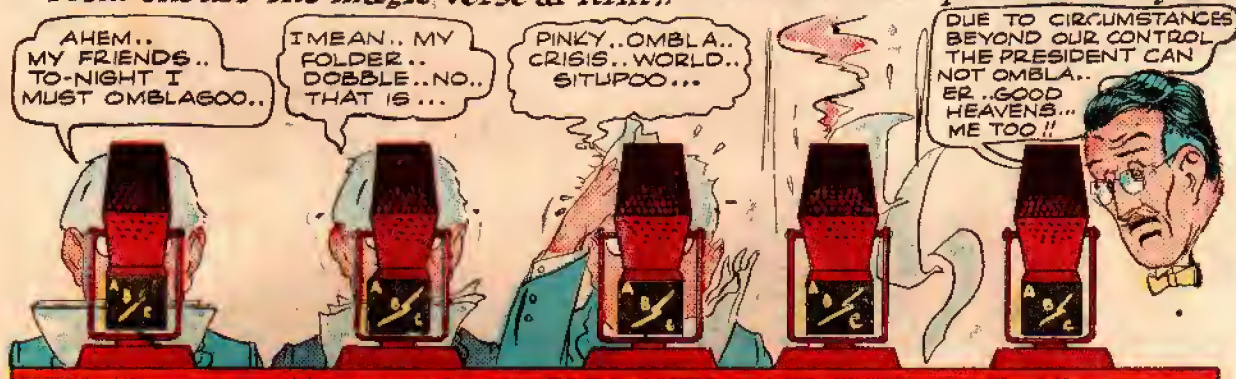
4.
 The deadly lines of the evil poem
 Reach to the heart of every home..
 Buddy, too, it's got him down,
 As havoc reigns in Everytown.



5.
 Then he said, "I need some force
 To show the people whose the boss".
 So he got himself some men with muscle,
 "Now I'm ready for any tussle"



6. Aided by his vicious crew,
He walks into the White House too..
He finds the President at his swim
And shouts the magic verse at him..
- Now what horror is in store..
7. Can any nation suffer more?
The President is on the air
What defense plan will he lay bare?



8. Panic rules from sea to sea
And the poet laughs in fiendish glee..
Will this reign of terror find no dam?
Where the heck is Uncle Sam?



9. The poet knows where our Uncle strolls..
The gang will shoot him full of holes..
But Uncle proved a bit too tough..
He slugged them till they cried, "Enough!"





10. He finds the poet
in his lair,
And grabs him
by his uncut
hair..

11. "AND NOW MY LITTLE MAN
SO BRIGHT..
YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE
YOUR PEN AND WRITE..
FEEL MY HAND AROUND
YOUR THROAT?
I WANT THAT POEM'S
ANTIDOTE!"

The curse once told,
The poem loses its
hold,

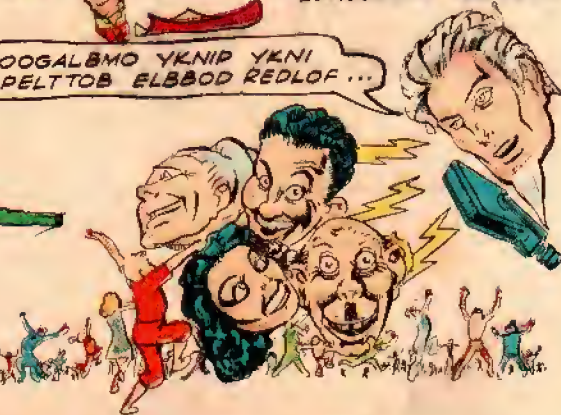
12. And hooray! the
nation's saved!



OOGALBMO YKNIP YKNI
OOPELTTOB ELBBOD REDLOF...

INKY PINKY
INKY PINKY
INKY PINKY
INKY PINKY
INKY PINKY

13. Then he locked him in a room,
Where the poet met his doom..
For there a parrot did rehearse,
To croak all day the poet's verse.



DOBBLE
BOTTLE
POO
DOBBLE
FOLDER
DOBBLE
OMBLAGOO
INKY PINKY

DOBBLE
FOLDER
OMBLAGOO

14.

I CANNOT INKY PINKY
THIS RHYME TORTURE
ANY LONGER.. LIFE IS
NOT WORTH A BOTTLE..
POO.. SO I AM GOING
TO FOLDER DOBBLE
MYSELF.. GOODBYE
SWEET OMBLAGOO...

17.

"LOOK OUT! YOU WOULDN'T..
YES, YOU WOULD..
I'M GLAD YOUR AIM
IS NOT SO GOOD!"

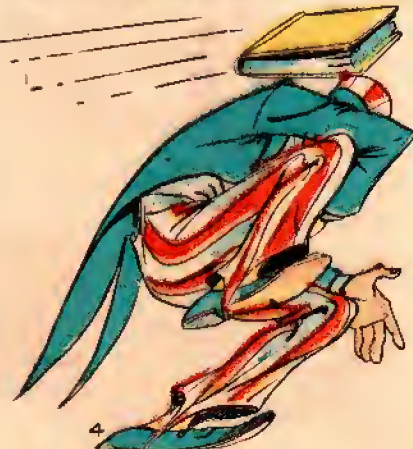
16.

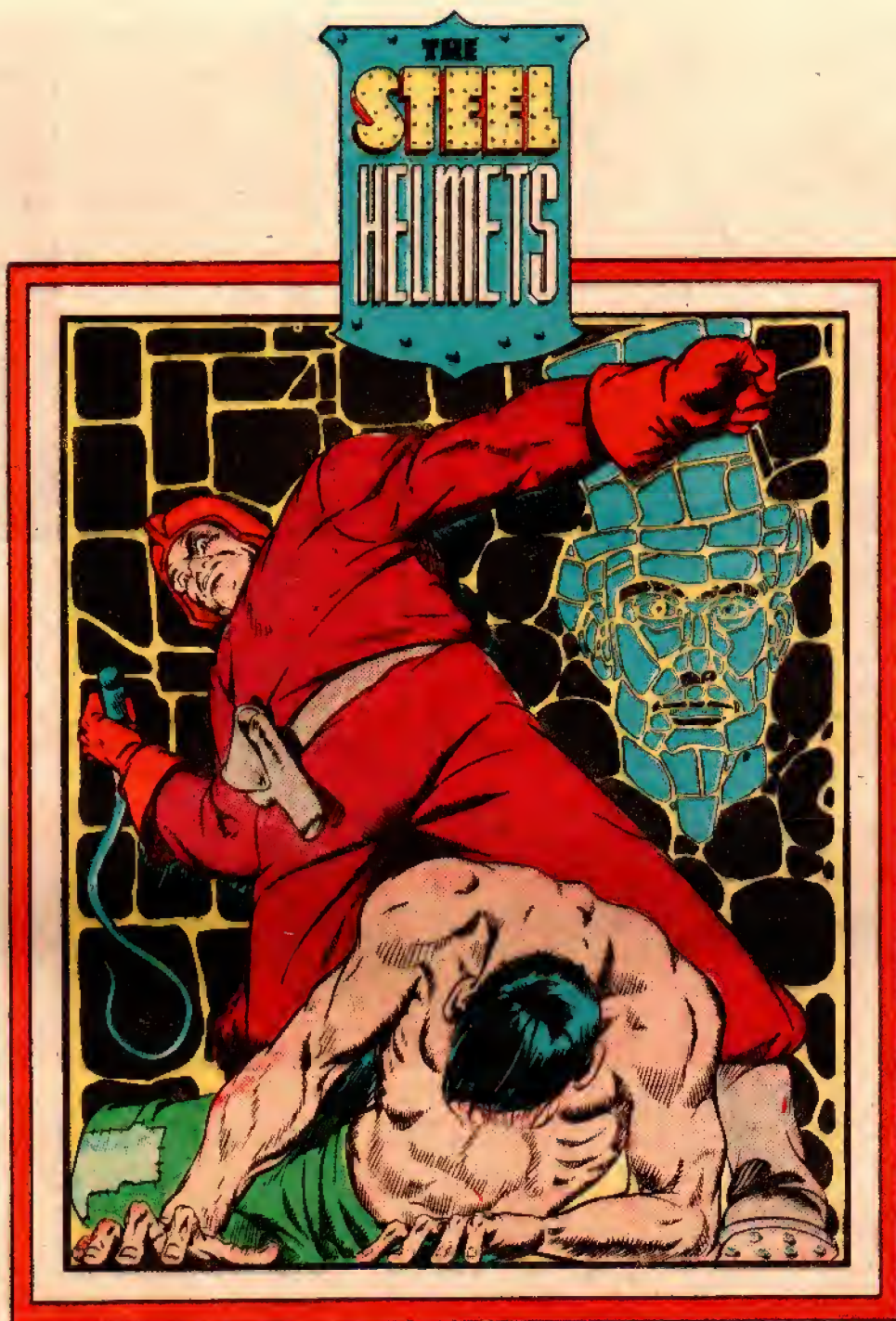
"HERE IS A PRESENT FOR YOU KID,
TO MAKE UP FOR THE STRETCH
YOU DID!"



13.

And Uncle Sam,
The battle won,
Brings a present
To his foster son.





Chapter 4.
UNCLE SAM
William Eisner

A WAVE OF RIOTS SWEEP THE NATION... MEN AND WOMEN ARE BEATEN, CHILDREN MADE ORPHANS AS THE UPHEAVAL THUNDERS TO A CLIMAX IN EVERY-TOWN, THE HOME OF UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY...

KILL THE FOREIGN DOGS!!... THESE RATS WHO TAKE OUT CITIZENSHIP PAPERS... LYNCH 'EM!!

YOU BRUTES... YOU BEASTS... (SOB)



THE TERROR SWEEPS ONWARD, LEAVING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE...

YOU FILTHY SWINE!!



IN AN OFFICE OVERLOOKING MAIN STREET...

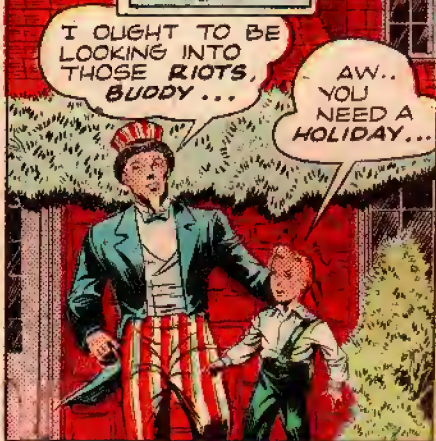
TOMORROW I'LL FINISH THIS UNCLE SAM MYSELF!!



THE NEXT DAY UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY PREPARE TO ATTEND THE ANNUAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET AT EVERYTOWN JUNIOR HIGH...

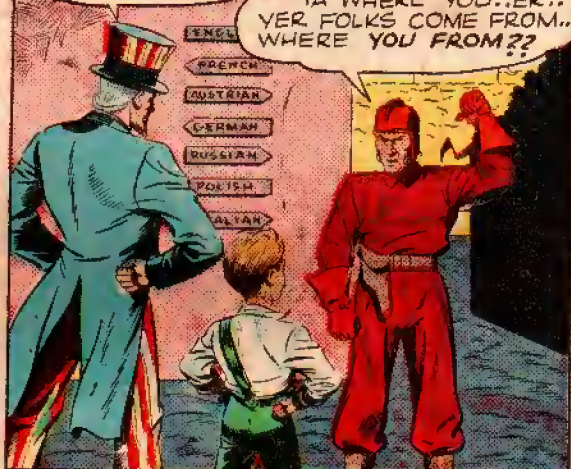
I OUGHT TO BE LOOKING INTO THOSE RIOTS, BUDDY...

AW.. YOU NEED A HOLIDAY...



SAY... WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THOSE SIGNS??

NEW ORDERS, GRANDPA!! YA GETS SEATED ACCORDIN' TA WHERE YOU..ER.. VER FOLKS COME FROM.. WHERE YOU FROM??



WAAAL.. THAT'S HARD TO SAY.. Y'SEE MY FOLKS CAME FROM ALMOST EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD!!

HUH.. WHAT?!! W..WELL.. GO ON IN...

I..I DON'T GET IT!?!?



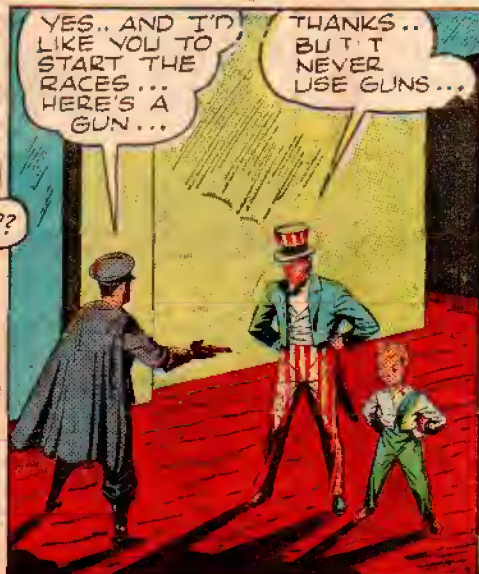
WELL! IF IT ISN'T UNCLE SAM!! JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!!

HELLO, BRISTOL! ARE YOU IN ON THIS TOO??



YES.. AND I'D LIKE YOU TO START THE RACES... HERE'S A GUN...

THANKS.. BUT I NEVER USE GUNS...



HIGH ABOVE THE STADIUM... IN BRISTOL'S PRIVATE BOX...

UNCLE SAM'S JUST A SUCKER!! GOT THE TEAR GAS AND EVERYTHING ALL SET ??

AND HOW!! THE STEEL HELMETS ARE READY FOR REAL TROUBLE TODAY!!



ON THE STARTING LINE...

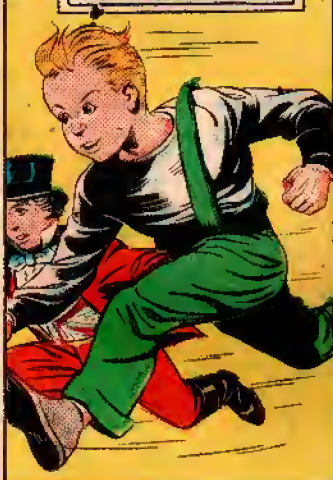
GEE... I WISH WE DIDN'T HAVE TO WEAR THESE THINGS BUT IT'S MR. BRISTOL'S IDEA!!



WELL... LET'S GET ON WITH THE RACE! ON YOUR MARK... GET SET... GO!!



AS THEY ROUND THE FIRST TURN, BUDDY IS IN THE LEAD...



MEANWHILE... FURTHER DOWN THE TRACK...

THROW IT NOW!!

HERE GOES!! AND I PITY THE GUY THAT CATCHES IT!!



HEY!!

WATCH OUT!!

OUCH!!



THE RUNNERS ACCUSE ONE ANOTHER OF DELIBERATE TRIPPING, AND, AS BRISTOL'S HENCHMEN RUN FROM THE STANDS, A FIGHT STARTS...

CUT IT OUT!! WHAT'S THE USE OF FIGHTING...

TRIPPING OUR FRIENDS, EH?? LET'S MOP THESE GUYS UP!!



A STEEL HELMET THUG THROWS A TEAR GAS BOMB...

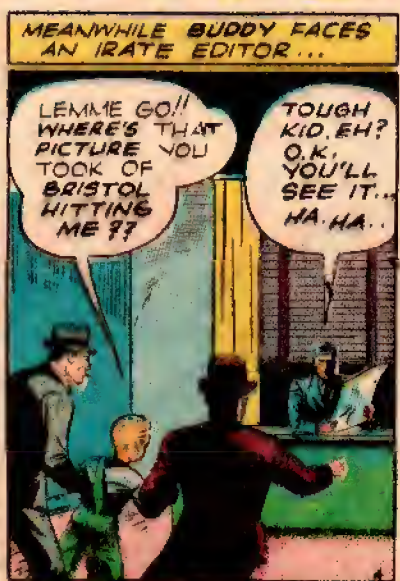
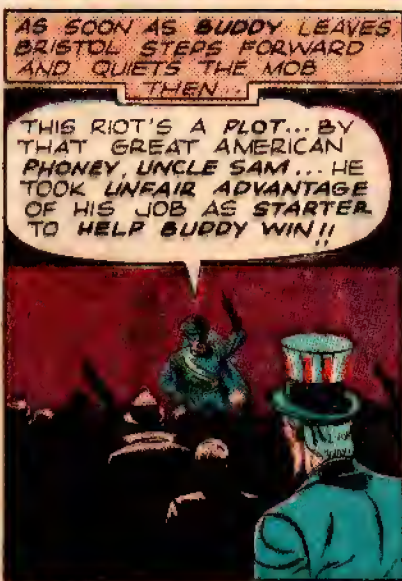
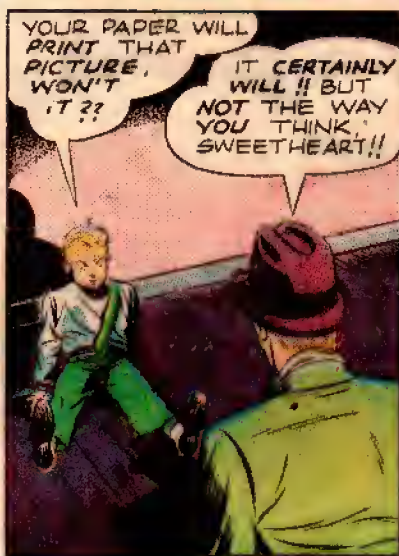
HEY, YOU! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA??

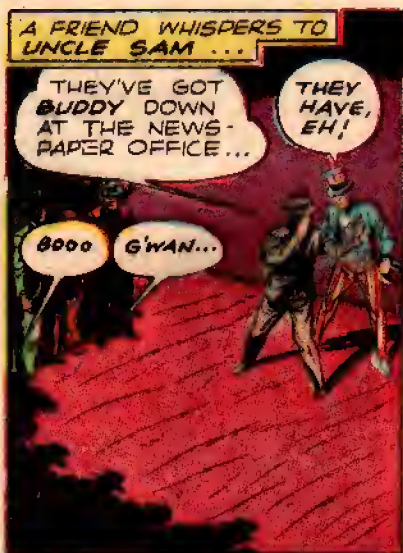
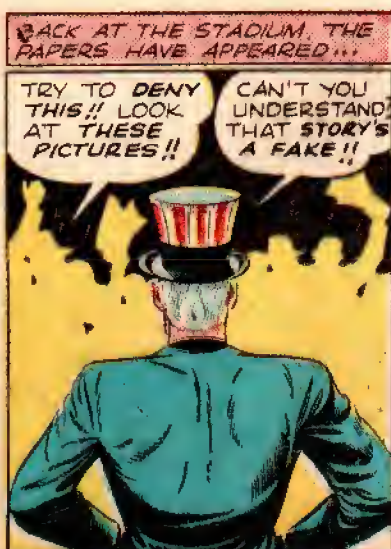
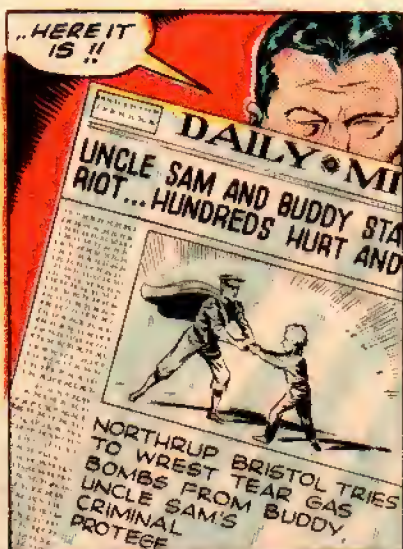


BUDDY DASHES IN PURSUIT OF THE HOODLUM...

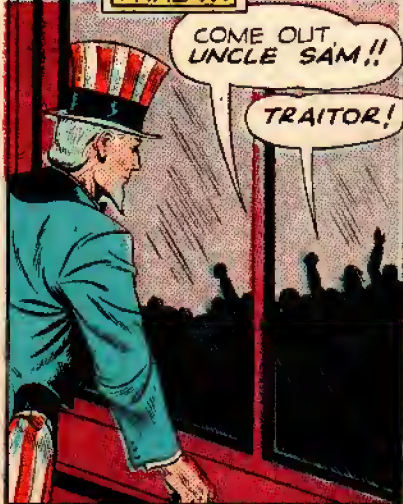
I'LL GET YOU... YOU BIG TRAMP!!



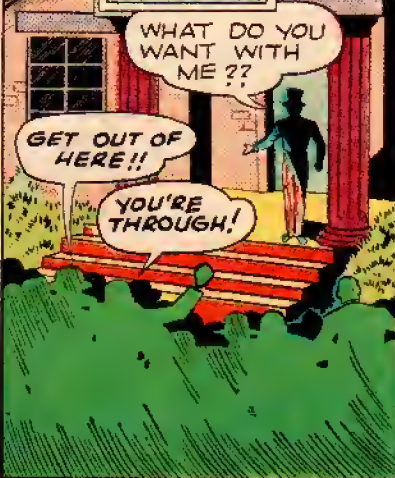




MEANWHILE AT GENERAL HOSPITAL ...



LEAVING BUDDY WITH THE DOCTOR, UNCLE SAM STEPS OUTSIDE ...



YOU... YOU'RE MY FRIENDS... I WAS TRYING TO STOP THE RIOT... BILL HENDERSON, YOU BELIEVE ME ?



YOU... JOHN BATES.. CARSON...? BEN ROBERTS..? JIM... BEDFORD ...?



UNCLE SAM'S STRENGTH DEPENDS ON THE PEOPLE'S FAITH. WITHOUT WHICH UNCLE SAM IS POWERLESS ...



WEAKENED AND SHRUNKEN, UNCLE SAM IS TAUNTED BY THE COWARDLY STEEL HELMETS. SUDDENLY, BUDDY DASHES UP...



SEEING THAT UNCLE SAM IS DEFENSELESS, A STEEL HELMET GUARD RUSHES TO THE ATTACK ...



TOO WEAK TO RESIST, UNCLE SAM IS THOROUGHLY BEATEN BY THE BULLY...



HOW ARE YOU, UNCLE SAM?





...I'VE LOST MY STRENGTH AND ALL MY POWER, BUDDY...

YOU'LL GET IT BACK... AMERICA WILL HAVE FAITH IN YOU AGAIN...



MEANWHILE BRISTOL PLOTS THE FINAL BLOW...

NICE WORK... SO FAR... NOW GIVE HIM THE DYNAMITE AND FINISH HIM!!



WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW UNCLE SAM??

IF AMERICA WON'T BELIEVE IN ME, I MIGHT AS WELL RETURN TO THE SPIRIT PEOPLE UP THERE IN THE CLOUDS!!



IT'S THE END OF UNCLE SAM!!

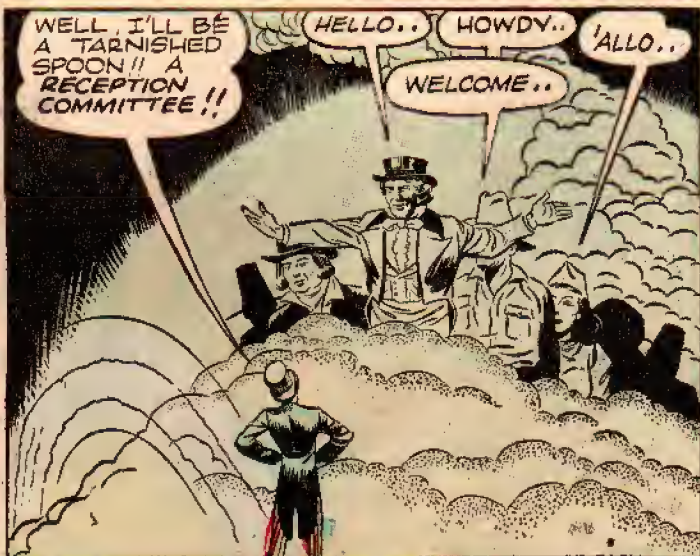


WHA...

HEY!!



THEY CAN'T FINISH YOU, UNCLE SAM! I PROMISE TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE GETTING PEOPLE TO BELIEVE IN YOU!!



WELL, I'LL BE A "TARNISHED SPOON!!" A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!!

HELLO..

HOWDY..

'ALLO..

WELCOME..



THEY'RE MAKING SUCH FOOLS OF THEMSELVES DOWN THERE... AND UP HERE IT'S SO PEACEFUL... WHAT BROUGHT YOU ALL HERE??



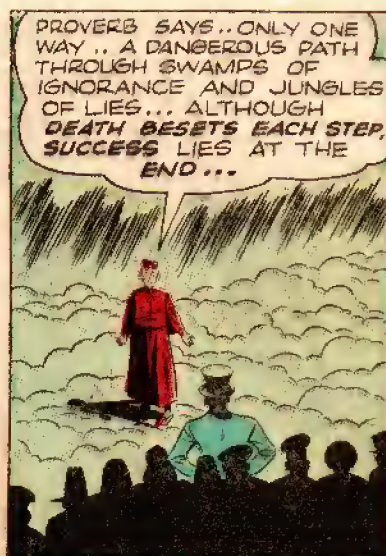
THE PEOPLE LOST FAITH IN US...

THEY WANTED WAR!!

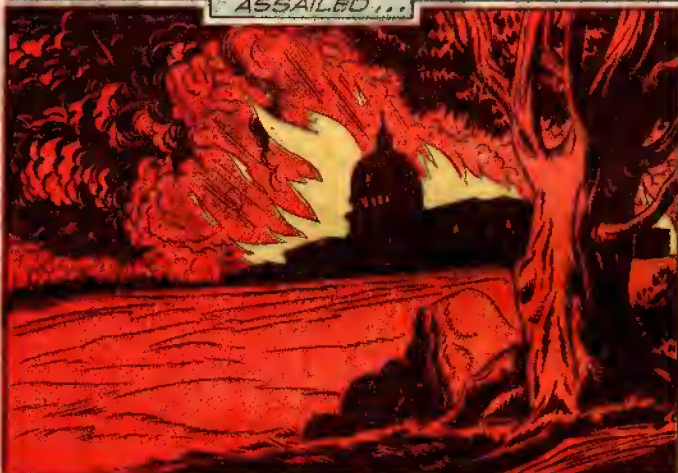
A DICTATOR TOOK MY PLACE!



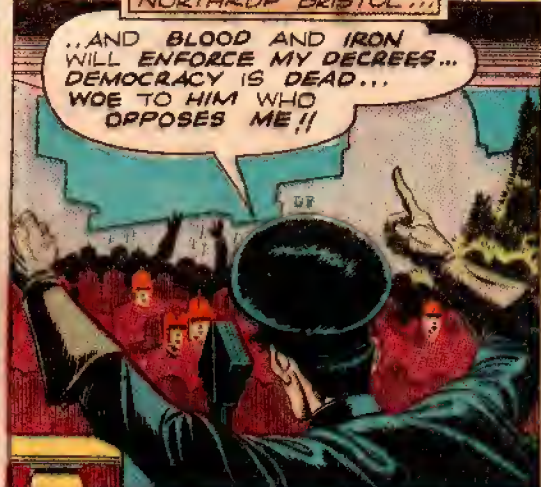
WELL.. NOW THAT WE'VE BEEN KICKED OUT, HOW DO WE GET BACK??



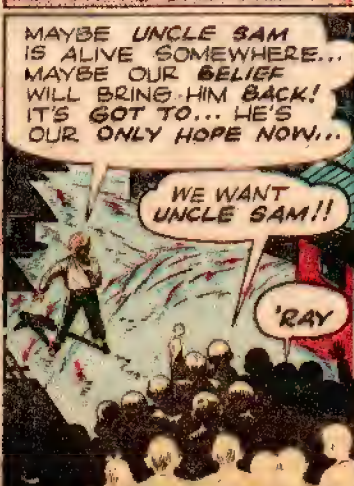
THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, A WAVE OF TERROR LASHES THE POPULATION, AND DEMOCRACY ITSELF TOTTERS, AS ITS LAST STRONGHOLD IS ASSAILED...



THE BLOODY WORK COMPLETED, AN AMERICAN RULER IS CROWNED... NORTHROP BRISTOL...



BUT NOT ALL AMERICANS ARE COWED... FOR BUDDY HAS ORGANIZED AN UNCLE SAM CLUB...



MEANWHILE, IN THE SWAMPS OF IGNORANCE, A MONSTER OF GREED ATTACKS UNCLE SAM...

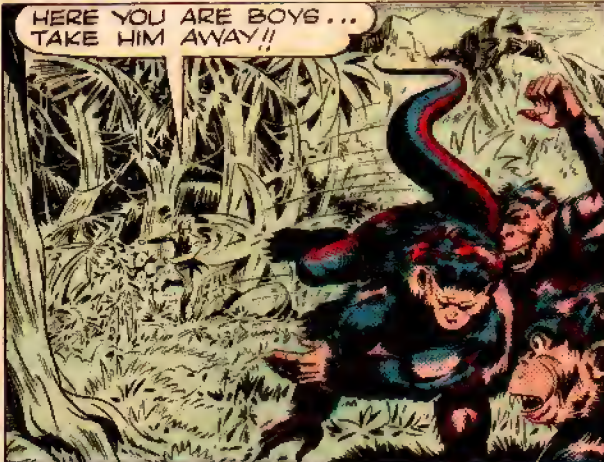


W..WHY... MY STRENGTH IS COMING BACK... SOMEONE MUST STILL BELIEVE IN ME... LET'S GO, BIG FELLA!!



STRENGTHENED BY THE CHILDREN'S FAITH IN HIM, UNCLE SAM HURLS THE MONSTER TOWARDS A GROUP OF HIS FELLOWS...

HERE YOU ARE BOYS... TAKE HIM AWAY!!



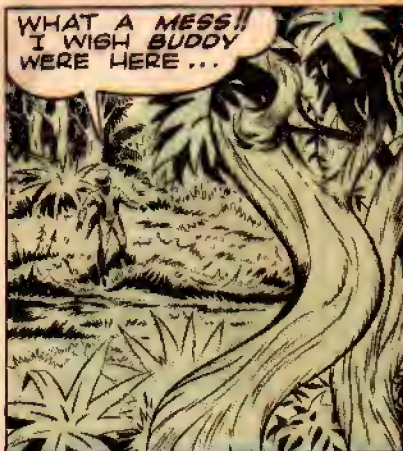
THE BEASTS DESTROY ONE ANOTHER FIGHTING OVER THE CARCASS...

POOR FOOLS... HOW SIMILAR TO THOSE ON EARTH!!



MAKING HIS WAY SWIFTLY THROUGH THE SWAMP UNCLE SAM ENTERS THE FOREST OF LIES...

WHAT A MESS!! I WISH BUDDY WERE HERE...



BUT BUDDY HAS HIS OWN PROBLEMS...

UNCLE SAM CAN FREE US... WE MUST BELIEVE IN.....

BUDDY!! THE STEEL HELMETS ARE COMING!!



WE'LL FIGHT THEM!!!

GET SOME ROCKS!!



THE KIDS FIGHT BRAVELY... BUT ARE OUTNUMBERED...

OW!

DOWN WITH... UGH!!

SCATTER FELLAS!!

SOCK 'EM



WHERE'S THAT BRAT, BUDDY??

HEY! STOP! GET HIM!!



MEANWHILE, IN HIS FORTIFIED OFFICE, SITS A TERRIFIED CONQUEROR... NORTHRUP BRISTOL...

I...I.. THAT IS, ARE YOU SURE UNCLE SAM IS DEAD??

SURE, BOSS! WE BLASTED HIM SKY-HIGH!! HEH...HEH!!



AS BUDDY MAKES HIS ESCAPE HE GLANCES BACK...

GOSH! THEY'RE BURNING BUILDINGS AGAIN!! AND THEY'VE GOT MY FRIENDS TOO... WHAT'LL I DO??



WHILE BUDDY SCHEMES, THE UNCLE SAM CLUB IS LOCKED UP IN AN OLD MUSEUM...

LOCK THOSE BRATS UP!!! AND SEND OUT AN ALARM FOR BUDDY... HE WON'T GET FAR!!



INSTANTLY, THE CITY SWARMS WITH PATROLS...

WHEW!! THAT WAS CLOSE!!



HEY!! THERE HE GOES!!

THE CHASE IS ON...



ELUDING THE PATROLS, BUDDY ARRIVES AT THE MUSEUM, AND SNEAKS PAST THE GUARDS...

BUDDY!!

SH...H...H...



SAY... THESE ARE ALL FAMOUS AMERICANS IN COSTUMES THEY WORE AS KIDS... I'VE AN IDEA!!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

HURRY!! HERE COMES A GUARD!



AS THE GUARD ENTERS...

I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET!!



THE UNCLE SAM CLUB, DRESSED AS FAMOUS AMERICAN HEROES, ATTACKS THE GUARDS...

HEY! OW!

TAKE THIS! AND THIS!!

LEMME OUT!!

LOOK OUT!!



WHILE BUDDY FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM, UNCLE SAM IS BESET BY MONSTERS IN THE JUNGLE OF LIES...



'SAKES ALIVE!!



SUDDENLY ANOTHER CREATURE ATTACKS FROM THE AIR...



OW!! SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, EH??



GANGING UP ON ME, EH?? I KNOW A TRICK OR TWO MYSELF!!

RAINING BLOW AFTER BLOW UPON THE BEAST, UNCLE SAM CRUSHES IT...



AND HURLS ITS CARCASS WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE AGAINST THE OTHER...



AS UNCLE SAM TURNS TO LEAVE A YELLOW SNAKE SEIZES HIM...



OOP! ANOTHER ONE!!

EXERTING ALL OF HIS RE-GAINED STRENGTH, UNCLE SAM BURSTS THE REPTILE IN A DOZEN PIECES...



THERE!! THAT DOES IT!!

AS UNCLE SAM FORGES AHEAD, THE FOREST DISAPPEARS IN A SHEET OF FLAME BEHIND HIM...



AND FROM THE PETID STENCH OF THE JUNGLE OF LIES, UNCLE SAM STEPS OUT ONTO A HILL SWEEPED BY ALL THE WINDS OF THE EARTH...

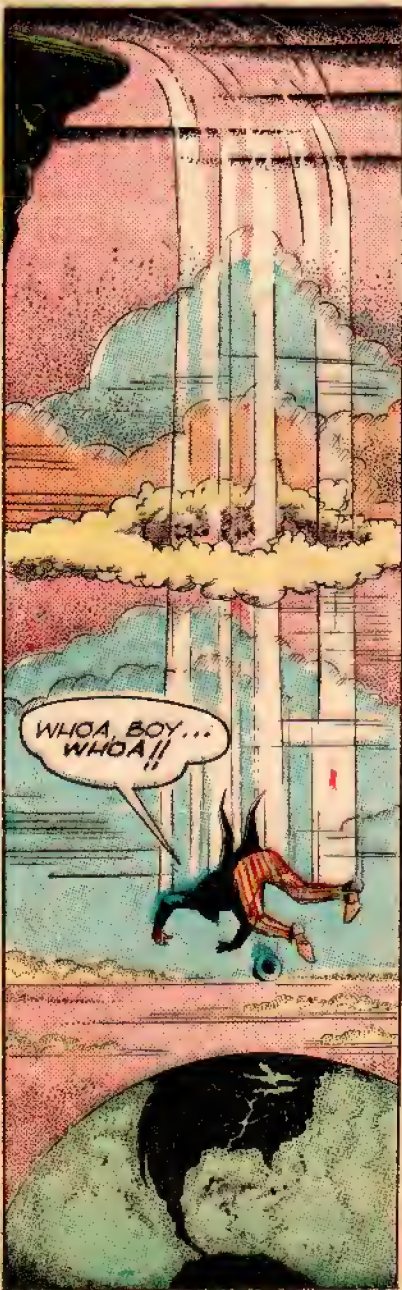
I MUST BE NEARING MY GOAL... JUST A LITTLE FARTHER...



SAY! EASY THERE!!



THE TERRIFIC GALE HURLS UNCLE SAM OVER THE EDGE...



WHOA, BOY... WHOA!!

LOOK!! IT... IT'S UNCLE SAM!! HE'S COME BACK!!

RAY!

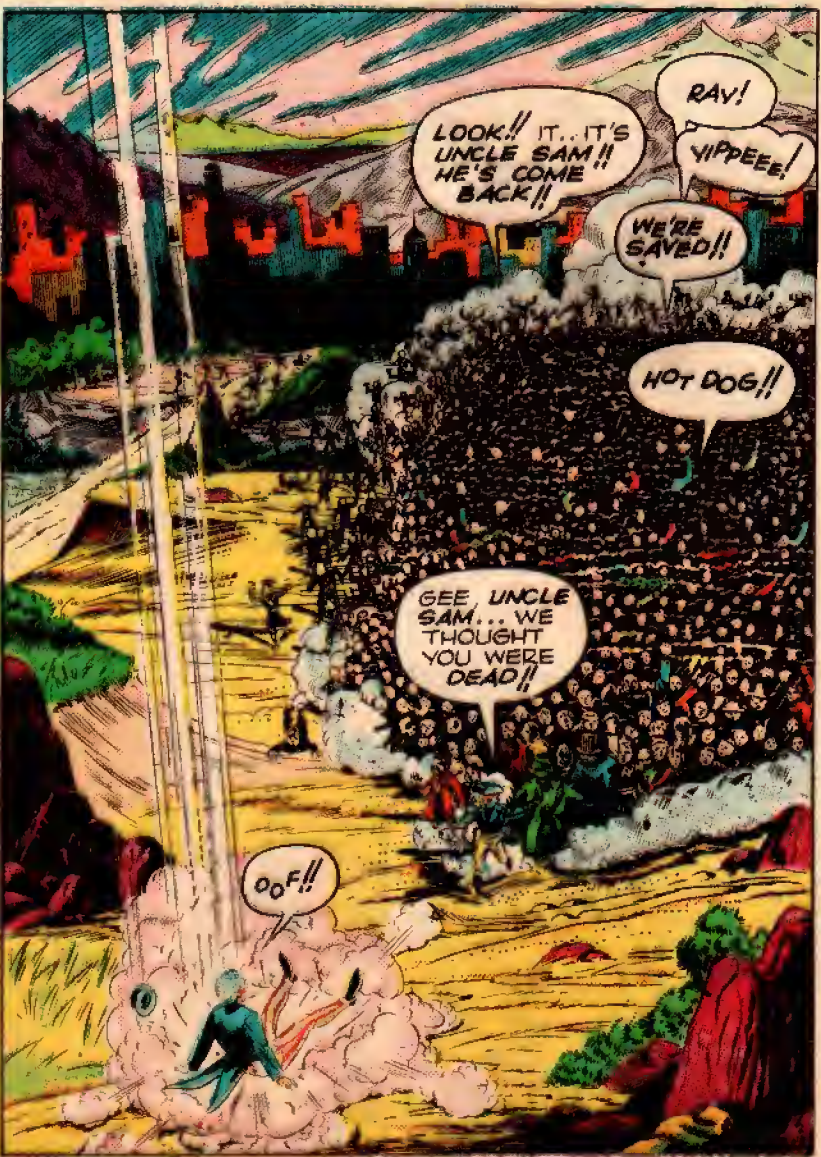
YIPDEE!

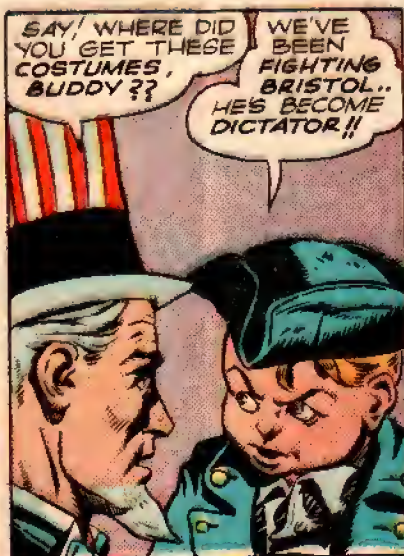
WE'RE SAVED!!

HOT DOG!!

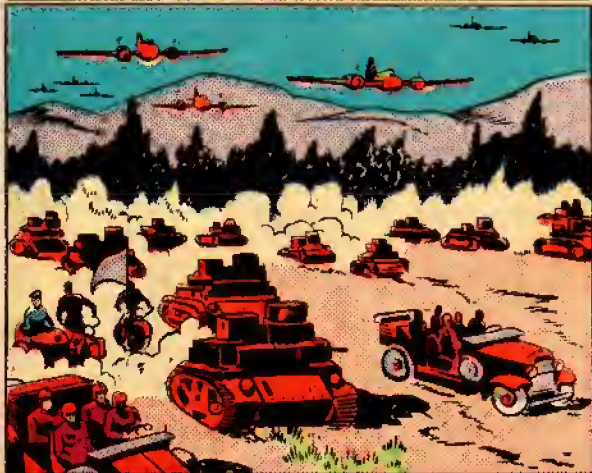
GEE, UNCLE SAM... WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!!

OOF!!





THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY THE GIGANTIC STEEL HELMET WAR MACHINE GATHERS ITS STRENGTH FOR THE ATTACK...



FORWARD!!

MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF THEIR DANGER, UNCLE SAM AND THE KIDS PLAN BRISTOL'S DOWNFALL...



...WE CAN DO IT WITH THE PEOPLE'S HELP!!

LET ME GO AND TALK TO THEM... I'LL MAKE THEM LISTEN!!



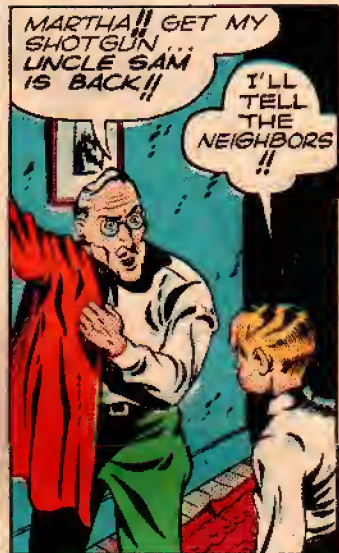
ALL RIGHT, BUDDY... AND WE'LL HOLD THE FORT 'TILL YOU GET BACK... GOOD LUCK!!



DODGING THE SENTRIES, BUDDY VISITS HOME AFTER HOME...



WHO'S THERE??
IT'S ME... BUDDY... UNCLE SAM IS BACK!!



MARTHA!! GET MY SHOTGUN UNCLE SAM IS BACK!!

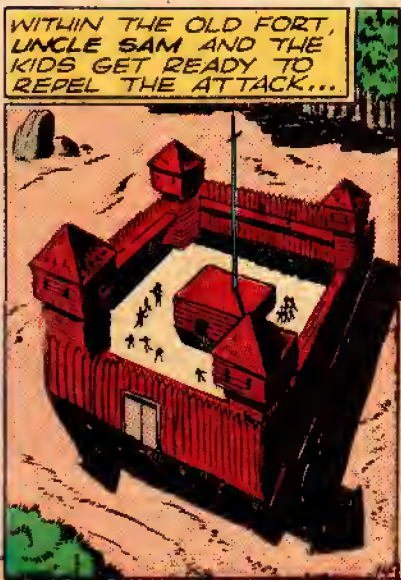
I'LL TELL THE NEIGHBORS!!



THE WORD SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE... UNCLE SAM IS BACK!!



AND IN EVERYTOWN THE BATTLE FOR AMERICA IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...



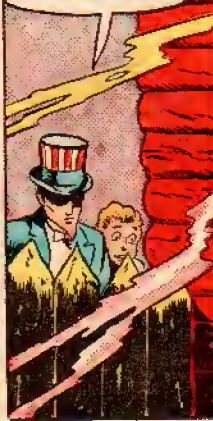
WITHIN THE OLD FORT UNCLE SAM AND THE KIDS GET READY TO REPEL THE ATTACK...

AT A GIVEN SIGNAL, THE ASSAULT IS LAUNCHED ...



INSIDE THE FORT

WHEN I SAY FIRE!!.. THROW AS FAST AS YOU CAN...



LET 'ER GO!!



OUTSIDE, BOYS!!



SUDDENLY, LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL, BUDDY'S ARMY APPEARS OVER THE BROW OF A HILL...



A.A.AH! MY FULL STRENGTH HAS RETURNED!!



UNCLE SAM FULLY RECOVERED, TEARS INTO ACTION AS BUDDY'S HASTILY RECRUITED ARMY ATTACKS FROM THE REAR...

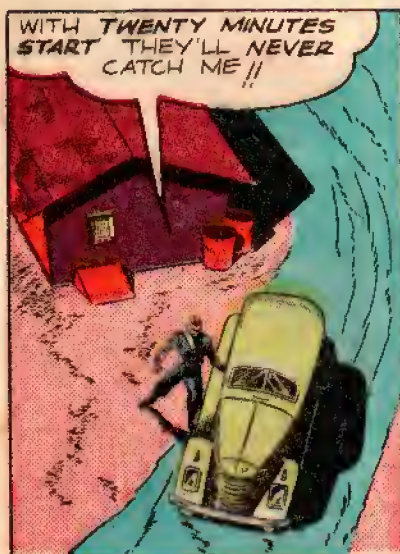


C'MON KIDS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!!

BUT THE COWARDLY BRISTOL DARES NOT FACE THE ENRAGED POPULACE AS HIS ARMY CRUMBLES BEFORE THEM...



HA! THE FOOLS! LET THEM FACE UNCLE SAM... ME.. I'M TOO SMART!!



LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!



Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!— TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE

WITH SPARKIES
GUARANTEE SEALS!"

... BUT HURRY!

THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"!

GIRLS! Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

FREE

With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c



FREE

With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c

Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll ask you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE

Like a Navy
Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed going up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, stunts, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "tilt" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



14 1/2-INCH
WING SPAN!

WINGS
FOLD BACK
HERE //

FREE

With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

FORM A SQUADRON

Lec your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!



"SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

FREE

With
7 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

FREE

With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

HI-SPEEDERS! YOU NEED AVIATOR GOGGLES

FREE

With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain*" BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B₁, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B₁, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose..... Guarantee Seals (or..... Seals and..... c).

- ☐ CATAPULT PLANE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)
- ☐ AVIATOR GOGGLES
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

- ☐ NURSE CAP
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)
- ☐ "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

- ☐ NURSE APRON
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)
- ☐ GIANT PERISCOPE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing
were built for fast starts



Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!
Good footwork is a
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds

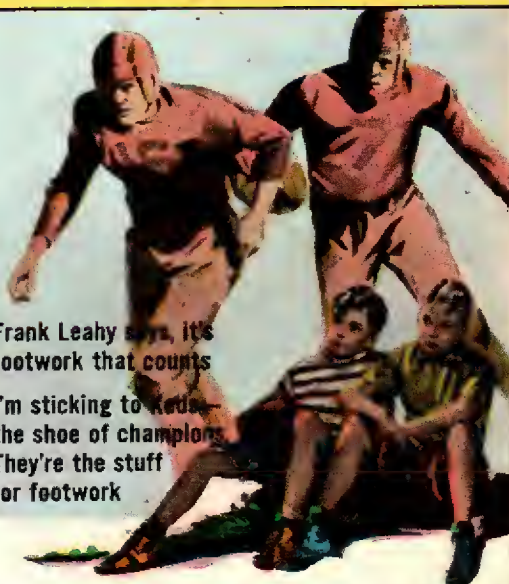


These Blue Supreme
Oxford Keds
make the tough ones
easy to get

Keds Blue
Supreme Oxford

BOB: Frank Leahy says, it's
footwork that counts

NED: I'm sticking to Keds—
the shoe of champions.
They're the stuff
for footwork



*Footwork
makes the Athlete
Frank Leahy*

For Better Footwork



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Keds

The Shoe of Champions

FREE

● Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for
future champions. To get your free copy send your name
and address to Keds, Department C, United States Rubber
Company, 1230 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York.

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